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WINNING THE JUNIOR CUP

OR

THE HONOR OF STUB BARROWS

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"WELL, MR. FRESH FRESHMAN, JUST WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"—*Page 13.*

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WINNING THE JUNIOR CUP

OR

THE HONOR OF STUB BARROWS

BY

NORMAN BRAINERD

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK VINING SMITH

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TO MY BROTHER

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WINNING THE JUNIOR CUP

OR

THE HONOR OF STUB BARROWS

CHAPTER I

A FOE IS MET

"Feed us freshmen by the peck,
Nineteen Eleven's right on deck!
WASHINGTON! WASHINGTON! WASHINGTON!"

A CROWD of sophomores yelled their battle cry.

"Listen to that!" whispered Jim Sherrill, a bow-legged, tow-headed little freshman, who peeked from a window on the second floor of Gerald Hall. "What you suppose they're going to do now?"

A well-knit, brown-haired classmate stood at his side and gazed fixedly out upon the campus and the yelling 1911 men.

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"Probably they'll hang around out there until our class shows up to go to the Latin room to hear about that Junior Cup," he answered.

"The 'Junior Cup'?" repeated Sherrill. "Just what is this Junior Cup business, Bill, anyway?"

"The greatest thing in Washington," responded Billy Hazen. "Canary Evans told me about it this morning. Yes, sir; 'way back ages ago a silver cup was given to the best class in college, and it's been handed down to the best class ever since. Nineteen-ten's got it now, and they'll give it away at the end of this year."

"Phew!" whistled Sherrill. "Will the juniors explain the thing to us?"

"That's what we're going into the Latin room for in half an hour," responded Billy Hazen. "Let's wait here."

It was the opening day of the fall term. The boys were in Billy Hazen's study. Both had come to college a week ahead of time; and in consequence had become very

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well acquainted with each other. Jim Sherrill sat down on the edge of a trunk.

"Yes; and, Sherry," continued Billy Hazen, as he stood before the tow-head, "the juniors pick out the best man in the class they give it to, and appoint him the Junior Cup custodian."

Outside the campus echoed with sophomoric cries of "Fresh! Fresh! Fresh!"

"Wouldn't they make you sick!" commented Sherrill in disgust.

"I should say so!" agreed Billy Hazen. "You remember," he went on, "at the Bulletin Board Rush last night, Sherry, when old Stub Barrows yelled 'Down with the sophomores!' Well, I understand now that 1911 is insulted, and that that fellow Ballantrae Clay says they're not going to do a thing to Stub!"

"Pooh!" declared Sherry. "We don't have to mind them! I suppose Clay thinks because he's the best athlete in this college everybody's got to bow down. He's liable to get fooled, he is. Gee, I hate a sophomore!"

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Nevertheless, in spite of Sherry's apparent confidence, Billy Hazen looked serious. Stub Barrows was his chum and roommate; and they had been in "prep" school together.

The tow-head continued: "But speaking of sophomores, Bill,"—Sherry lowered his voice,—"Beef Wilcox had me down to the Unicorn Club this morning. I'm not going to join 'em though. No; I want to belong to the Saint George Tavern, I do; they're the people! My! but wouldn't it be fine if we could all get into it together; you and Stub Barrows and I?"

"Ssh, Sherry!" cautioned Bill. "You don't want to talk that way. Have you been asked to join any of 'em, yet?"

Sherry shook his head. "Not yet," he admitted. "Have you?" And Billy answered that he had not.

"But it would be great, Sherry, just the same," he grinned; "there's no mistake about that."

"You bet! Think of it! Brothers! You and Stub and I!"

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From outside the cries of "Fresh! Fresh! Fresh!" rose louder and louder.

Sherry bounded to the window. "Look, Bill!" he called.

The campus was now dotted with groups of bawling 1911 men. On the cement walk directly under them a solemn-countenanced freshman hurried by.

"Look, Bill; that's the fellow," whispered Sherry, as he pointed downward. "He's the one Professor Hamilton accused of cheating in the Virgil entrance exams."

Billy Hazen peered over the tow-head's shoulder.

"He wasn't cheating, either," Sherry went on, belligerently, "and old Hamilton had to admit it. By George! The way they watch you in those exams would make you tired! Anybody'd think we were a band of genteel brigands!" Sherry scowled until his round, red cheeks nearly touched his eyebrows. "You don't know, Bill," he added; "you came in on a scholarship and didn't have to be there!"

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"Yes I do know," Billy protested. "It was fierce! Stub told me." Billy's eyes lighted upon a big, broad-shouldered freshman far down the walk. "Here comes Stub now!" he said.

"Fresh! Fresh! Fresh!" bellowed 1911.

Sherry and Billy looked at each other nervously, then out the window again. Before them was the broad, green campus, in the center of which stood a bronze statue of old Bishop Darling delivering benediction. Across the campus lay the athletic field where had been fought many a contest with Washington's ancient rival, Coventry College. Beneath the window the cement walk was alive with scampering sophomores.

"We'd better go down and see what's doing, Bill," said Sherry.

As he spoke, a heavy man pounded up the stairs in the hallway, two steps at a time.

Sherry and Billy jumped to the door. It flew open, and a fellow about five feet

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eleven, and weighing probably one hundred and eighty pounds, burst into the room. He was red-cheeked and hatless. His brown hair was disheveled; and his clear gray eyes flashed with excitement.

"Something's going to happen, boys," he declared. "The sophomores are laying for us, and when we come out of the Latin room they're going to form a lane and we'll have to hike down it. They call it running the gauntlet."

Sherry snorted: "What they think we are, Stub? Injun prisoners?"

"I don't know," Stub Barrows answered, laughingly; "but there'll be something doing, all right. Where's my sweater, Bill?" He went into one of the two small bedrooms which were back of the study. "Find out where you're going to live, yet, Sherry?" he called over his shoulder.

"Next entry, Gerald 24," Sherry responded.

"Aaay! Yeow! Where's 'oo nurse,

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freshies!" The derisive cries came from the walk.

Sherry and Billy once more darted for the window. Stub Barrows followed suit instantly; and he leaned far out. A crowd of sophomores stood before the Podner entry of Gerald, directly in front of the bulletin board. Two freshmen were reading a notice that was fastened to the board. One of the two was a stocky lad whose black hair was shaved straight across the back of his neck. The other was a hollow-chested, round-shouldered, little man of about seventeen years, and scarce five feet three in height. The latter was extremely near-sighted, and stood very close to the board. He squinted hard as he endeavored to read through a pair of thick-glassed spectacles. The sophomores were guying both.

Sherry and Billy craned their necks to get a view of the proceedings.

"Look at that face!" exclaimed Billy. "It's as white as a sheet! It's natural at that, too, I'll bet! But he looks scared to death, all the same."

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"Maybe he's got a cold," suggested Sherry; "his nose is red enough."

Stub Barrows turned toward the door. "I'll mosey along down there and see what's going to happen. You fellows stay here."

"Not much!" the two objected simultaneously. "We go with you."

"Hold on!" said Stub. "We don't want any rows. We've got to get into the Latin room for that Junior Cup business pretty quick. You stay here unless I holler 'All out, 1912!'"

The others protested, but finally agreed. Stub left the room.

Down on the walk, by the bulletin board, the 1911 men kept up a fire of comment constantly upon the two freshmen.

"You'd better go home, freshies; it'll soon be dark!" and "Freshmen, can 'oo read yet?"

As may have been surmised, the college to which Jim Sherrill, Billy Hazen and Stub Barrows had just come, was Washington College. It is situated at the top

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of Zion Ridge, on the southern outskirts of Hartville, and looks down, as a mother might, upon the roofs of the thriving city which it has watched since infancy. The nucleus of the college proper is a long line of connected stone buildings which reach from one end of the campus to the other. These buildings are respectively, as you come from Madison Street: Gerald Hall, Southam Towers and Middlebury Hall. In Gerald the many entries lead you only to student domiciles. In Southam Towers are more student domiciles, the office of the *Washington Spectator* and the college store. In Middlebury Hall you will find the chapel, biological laboratory, "Commons," and many recitation rooms, including that reserved for Latin.

The buildings are peaked and turreted; and, with their ivy-covered walls and the green, elm-skirted campus before them, they present a picture which resembles the older English universities.

From the steps of Southam Towers, on bright days, the blue Connecticut may be

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seen far to the right, sparkling in the sun, as she sweeps on to Long Island Sound.

The bulletin board hangs on the outside wall in the middle of Gerald. Towards it and the crowd of sophomores Stub Barrows now made a cautious approach. At the same moment Ballantrae Clay—Bally, they called him—came down the walk from an opposite direction. Stub saw Clay; but Clay did not see him; for the sophomore's mind was concentrated entirely upon "horsing" the two green freshmen already in the hands of his classmates.

"What you got there?" he shouted, as he reached the group; "A couple of Grecian beauties? Hey, freshmen, turn around and bow to your superiors!"

The two at the bulletin board turned, and the stocky man bowed with much respect. But the small, hollow-chested one remained upright.

"Bow, freshman!" Clay thundered at him; "make obeisance—or I'll—make obeisance!"

But the little freshman only stared

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blankly through his thick spectacles. He was too frightened to speak or move.

"Make obeisance, you—freshman!" roared Clay, his dark countenance lowering. With a lithe movement he shoved the boy roughly against the bulletin board.

Up to this moment Stub Barrows had remained in the background, unnoticed; now he jumped through the crowd and seized the sophomore by the arm.

"Quit it!" he said.

Bally Clay whirled round.

"You big—fresh—freshman!" he exclaimed aghast.

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CHAPTER II

THE JUNIOR CUP

"I DON'T mean to be fresh," said Stub, "but that kid's too small for you."

Bally Clay's lip curled insolently. "Fresh!" he sneered, and his long, muscular body bent toward the 1912 man. "You're the freshest freshman I ever saw!" He thrust his face close to Stub, and his black eyes glinted yellow. "Well, Mr. Fresh Freshman, if I want to horse this classmate of yours, just what you going to do about it?"

"I don't believe I'm going to do anything," replied Stub, "for you wouldn't touch a kid that size; would you?"

The sophomores surrounded the two. The cause of the trouble stood witless against the Podner entry, while his companion made good his escape toward Southam Towers.

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In the window of 18 Gerald, Billy Hazen whispered to Sherry, "Hold on, man! We'll wait a minute longer."

Clay's eyes narrowed.

"And you had the nerve, too, to yell 'Down with the sophomores!' " he hissed. "Very well, then; I'll let that kid go because it pleases me to do so. And suppose you take his place! What you think of that?"

Stub made no answer.

"Now, make obeisance to these noble sophomores about you! Make obeisance low, and be quick about it!"

Stub removed his hat, and bowed nearly to the ground.

"And, freshman, tell the honorable class of 1911 that you are the freshest freshman that ever happened!"

And Stub recited:—"I am the freshest freshman that ever happened!"

"Sirs!" roared Clay.

"Sirs!" echoed Stub.

"And I humbly apologize for having

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interfered with sophomore prerogatives! Say that!"

Stub hesitated.

"Say that, freshman!"

"Does that mean about this business just now?"

"It does, freshman!" snorted Clay.

Stub shook his head. "I can't do that, fellows!"

Clay stepped closer to him. "That's just what I wanted you to say—you *freshman!* You cut and go!"

Stub turned away. His small spectacled classmate had already disappeared.

He started down the walk. As he reached his entry, he looked up to the window of Number 18, and there beheld Billy Hazen and Sherry shaking with laughter; they had only seen his obeisance and known that there had been no open warfare. A crowd of juniors near him cried loudly: "Get in the Latin room, 1912! Hustle up, now!"

From all directions his classmates came,

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and hurried by him. Billy and Sherry ran out of Gerald; and together the three followed the crowd; the sophomores jeering them as they went. By the time they reached the Latin room, most of 1912 were already there and huddled on benches. On all sides, leaning against the walls, stood juniors.

They pushed timidly into the crowd.

"Here's a place for you, youngsters," whispered a big junior. They took seats near the door on the last bench in the room.

A moment later, a light-haired, merry-eyed fellow, long and thin, walked down the center aisle. Under his arm he carried a red plush box. He ascended a raised platform at the end of the room; turned about and faced the crowd.

"Velvet Jones," whispered Billy; "he's the Junior Cup Presenter."

Sherry nodded vacantly; his mouth was wide open. Stub did not move a muscle.

"He's manager of the football team and Chairman of the Rules Committee on

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Athletics," confided Billy—"and only a junior!" Billy settled into his collar.

Throughout the room the tensest silence prevailed.

Velvet Jones placed the red plush box on Professor Hamilton's desk, drew a deep breath, and began to speak.

"Freshmen," said he with much gravity, "college tradition decrees that the Junior Cup class, on the opening day of their junior year, explain to the entering class the most cherished of Washington institutions; the Junior Cup.

"In the absence of 1910's Cup custodian, Mr. Henderson Davis, it is my pleasure to assume his duty.

"In this box, freshmen, lies a silver cup that the Class of 1870 presented to the class below them which they considered had done the most for the college. 'Seventy gave this cup with the idea that the class who received it should hold it only until the end of junior year, and then give it to the worthiest of the two classes under them. Thus it has become an institution

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of honor, and has been handed down to our present day."

Velvet paused, but quickly went on:

"The worthiest class, men of 1912,—the one that does the most for the college—is that which develops the greatest manliness:—manliness in athletics, manliness in studies, and manliness in heart.

"I mean by this manliness of heart, the kind of manliness shown when you take success without getting stuck on yourself; failure without losing courage; and when, whatever happens to you, you go ahead with a sturdy determination to do your best and play square!"

Velvet Jones looked about him.

"From this worthiest class, freshmen," he said slowly, "the Presenters appoint the manliest man to be the Junior Cup's custodian." Velvet drew from the plush box a three-handled silver cup, and held it up to view. A murmur of awe swept over 1912.

"Inscribed on this cup," he continued, his voice rising, "are the numerals of the

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VELVET DREW FROM THE PLUSH BOX A THREE-HANDLED CUP.—*Page 18.*

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noble classes who have held it, and the names of the mighty men who have been its custodians! Freshmen, the greatest honor a class can have is to win the Junior Cup, and the greatest honor a man can have is to be its custodian!"

"That's the eye, Velvet!" broke in a voice.

"You bet!" cried another. The voices belonged to his classmates. The freshmen drank in his words in silence.

"We juniors are your foster-fathers," went on the speaker, when the interruptions subsided; "but because we are, don't make a mistake; we won't in any way favor you! The Junior Cup will be awarded for merit alone, and you will have to fight your own battles.

"Freshmen, 1908 honored my class; and as Cup Presenter I hereby inform you that at Junior Hour on Founders' Day, June 18th next, the Class of 1910 will award the Junior Cup to either 1911 or to you."

Velvet Jones had finished. He scanned

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the crowd before him. Not a sound was to be heard.

In the back of the room a man dropped his knife; the strain was broken.

"You're the stuff, Lionel Peter!" a 1910 voice bellowed. "I didn't think you had it in you!"

"1912," announced Velvet, undisturbed, "you are excused."

The newcomers arose, and began a slow exit from the room; the upper classmen followed behind them.

Outside on the walk, the sophomores waited.

"Fresh-fresh-fresh-fresh-fresh!" they cried.

Sherry and Billy Hazen were the first to appear. Behind them in the hallway their class crowded; hesitating and frightened. In front of them was a lane about ten feet wide, formed by a double line of 1911 men, which extended twenty or twenty-five yards out upon the campus.

For a moment, the two gazed into the waiting sophomore faces.

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"Dive in, tow-head!" laughed a junior; and whacked Sherry across the back. "You fellows after him, one by one!"

Sherry grinned, and sprang forward. Billy followed instantly; as in turn did each member of the class.

The sophomores caught them and hurled them down the lane from one side to the other.

At last Sherry was free; badly battered; collar torn; coat half off; hat gone; but on his feet. He turned and grinned at the lane and the classmates who tumbled toward him.

A yard or two away, Billy slid to freedom on his face. Stub was close behind; running hard. The sophomores buffeted him roughly. Near the end of the lane waited Bally Clay. Stub saw him, and tried to avoid an encounter. But Clay's leg shot out and he tripped. As he fell, he whirled about and threw his arms around Bally's knees. The two went down in a heap.

"Yeow!" shrieked 1911. "The fresh

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freshman!" and a half dozen fell upon him.

Instantly he was jerked to his feet. Bally Clay rose after him. "That kind of work doesn't go here!" said he, his face livid, "and don't you forget it!"

"I didn't mean—" Stub began.

"Rats! Fresh!" roared the sophomores. "Rough-house him!"

"Aw, let him go! What do we care?" It was a big red-headed man, who answered to the name of Sandy MacDonald.

Nineteen eleven took his advice and deserted her victim. Then yelled: "Feed us freshmen by the peck!" and paraded in triumph up and down the black cement walk which runs in front of the college buildings.

The freshmen scattered to their domiciles.

"I guess there's no more murder planned for the day," said Sherry, as Stub and Billy and he reached Gerald. "What's the matter with you and Clay, anyway, Stubby?"

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Stub shook his head. "I'm hanged if I know," he answered.

"Nor I," responded the tow-head solemnly. Then, after a pause: "What you think of that Junior Cup, fellows? *I tell you*—we're the ones that have got to win that this year; there's no use talking!"

"We'll try her, Sherry!" declared the two others vigorously.

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CHAPTER III

THE WORK OF BALLANTRAE CLAY

"I WOULDN'T have the fellow's disposition who wrote that for the whole—the whole—college!" Sherry shook his shock of tow-hair as he spoke.

Stub, Sherry, and Billy stood before the bulletin board three days after Stub's collision with Bally Clay.

"What's the matter?" asked Billy.

"Listen till I read you this!"

Stub and Billy, who were looking across the campus, turned; and Sherry read from a notice on the bulletin board as follows:

"'RULES FOR FRESHMEN!

"'1. Obtrude not yourselves unbidden into the discussion of your superiors, nor offer advice unsolicited!

"'2. Make not yourselves conspicuous

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by the display of loud haberdashery, brindle shoes, or loose clothing!

"'3. Get off the walk if your superiors deign to notice your childish stares!'" Sherry snorted the last words. "It's signed '1911,'" he added in disgust. "Cæsar's ghost! A fellow would think we're not human beings to hear the sophomores talk!"

Stub and Billy roared.

"Aw, cut it!" said the former. "It's nearly six o'clock; we've got to go to the Unicorn Club right off, if we're to be there for supper."

"What do I care?" grumbled Sherry. "I—" but the rest was lost in a growl.

But Stub hesitated. "I was just thinking, Bill," said he; "I don't believe I'd better go. Clay's a member, and they asked me before he and I had that racket."

"Rats!" responded Bill. "You're making too much of that. Come on!"

They grinned at each other understandingly, and the three started off.

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From the end of Gerald, a road winds its way to the right, edging along the campus, past the brick gymnasium, to come out through a double line of elms at the President's house, on Madison Street.

Stub, Sherry, and Billy moved down this road; and, turning to the right, headed for the Unicorn Club.

Washington College, like many another in New England, takes greater pride in the deeds and character of her sons than in the number of her students. Founded in the earliest years of the last century, she played her part from the first in helping to mold the character of the sturdy States along the Atlantic Seaboard.

The college body is about evenly divided between the club men and the neutrals.

Of the clubs, the Saint George's Tavern is the oldest and the most sought after. Its old-fashioned home at the top of the hill on Madison Street, just across the way from Prexy's house, is an institution

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of the college, like the chapel, or the books in the library.

There are many other clubs at Washington; but the Unicorn Club is the only acknowledged rival of the oldest inhabitant. Indeed, the Unicorn house, at the foot of the hill, with its large rooms and broad verandas, is a model of its kind; and the Saint Georgers, from their old ark, have cast many an envious eye upon the roof of their younger and more pretentious rival.

It was clouding overhead, and the early twilight and buzzing insects accentuated the heaviness of the hot September evening. Stub's size made him feel the heat, and he perspired freely; besides, he was nervous, and as he walked along, he wiped his glittering forehead with his handkerchief.

A critical time had arrived for all three boys. Since coming to college a week before the opening day, they had been "rushed" by several clubs; and they real-

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ized that upon this evening they would probably be bidden or rejected by the Unicorns; and that by to-morrow, perhaps the St. Georgers might ask them!

They were at the veranda of the Unicorn Club.

"Hello there, fellows! Come up! We thought you weren't coming!" The speaker was a short, heavy-set man, of about twenty-one; with a florid complexion, and a nearly bald head.

Stub put his handkerchief into his pocket and led the way up the steps. "I'm sorry we're late, Mr. Wilcox," said he.

Mr. Beef Wilcox smiled patronizingly. "That's all right." He turned from Stub to the two others. "Well," he exclaimed genially, "I'm glad to see you! I'm a sophomore, and by rights ought to hate you fellows. But—" and he beamed upon Sherry and Billy,—"not inside these walls! Get into the house; the fellows are all waiting for you."

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He pushed them before him through the door; while Stub was left to follow on, alone.

Supper was served at a long, narrow table, about which twenty or twenty-two men were seated. It was a noisy, laughing meal, interrupted often by songs of club and Alma Mater.

Billy and Sherry were at the noiser end of the table, and were made perfectly ill at ease by the extravagance of the attentions showered upon them. Stub sat at the opposite end; between a sallow, uncommunicative chap, and a loud-mouthed individual who constantly addressed his remarks to an unhearing some one far away from him.

Supper finished, the club arose and left the dining-room. Some of the men went upstairs to their rooms; others went directly over to college; a few stood in a group in the lounging room. Bally Clay was of these. Sherry and Bill were steered by two gushing 1911 men

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into separate corners of the broad veranda.

Stub was left to his own devices. He looked around him nervously; then went out through the front door. His first impulse was to leave immediately, and without a word to a soul; but he thought better of it. Bill Hazen had never seen him show the white feather yet, and he would not have a chance to-night. He sat down upon the veranda. He'd wait until the decent hour for guests to leave; then he'd go. As he waited, the voices of two men who argued excitedly in the lounging room reached him through the open window:

"I'll not vote for him, that's all there is to it. He's fresh; he'll not get into this club if I can help it!" The words were Bally Clay's.

It was impossible for Stub not to hear.

"No sir, there isn't room for both of us in this house!"

"But Bally, hold on," argued the other, whom Stub recognized at once as Randolph, quarter-back on last year's team;

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"he's only a freshman! We can take him down."

"He'll get taken down, all right; don't worry about that, Randy! But not in this club."

Stub was nineteen, and had as much nerve as most fellows. But this new experience bewildered him; he did not understand it.

"If we don't take him," went on Randolph, "we'll probably lose Hazen, too; and the Saint Georgers will get 'em both! I suppose you know that."

"Let 'em, then," Clay snapped. "But they won't take 'em; not that big one, anyway. None of our class would vote for him in any club. That's fixed!"

The two men left the room, and Stub heard them ascend the hardwood stairs in the hallway.

Stub's head was in a whirl; he walked across the veranda, dazedly. As he did so, Beef Wilcox came out of the house. "Hello!" said Beef, "Going? Well, I'm glad you came over. See you again."

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"Thanks," murmured Stub.

Beef stalked down the steps, and off toward college, whistling as he went.

It was now quite dark. Stub peered down the veranda toward a corner. "Oh, Bill," he called as quietly as he could, "I'm going now; see you in the room."

"Wait a sec," Bill answered; "I'll go with you."

And from another corner, came Sherry's voice:—"Hey, you fellows! I'm going, too."

The three walked away from the club house and up the hill.

"You going to keep your room in 24 Gerald, Sherry?" asked Billy after a few minutes.

"Sure," responded the tow-head. "A lot of Saint George freshmen always live there!"

"You're going to join them, then?"

"Well I should smile!" responded Sherry with confidence. "I was only feeding carp to these fellows to-night!"

Billy laughed.

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"Are you pledged?" he inquired.

For the second time Sherry was forced to answer, "Not yet. But I *will* be, all right," he added guilelessly, " to-night or to-morrow. And so will you two fellows."

"I hope so," said Billy fervently.

"So do I," Sherry answered, his voice vibrant. "Let's shake on it!" And they did, all three of them, solemnly.

They had halted in front of Prexy's house, under the elms. Sherry looked across Madison Street, where dim lights were burning in the old Saint George's Tavern. "That's the place for me!" he whispered. "Sst! Watch out, fellows; who's that?"

Three men came quickly toward them. The deep shadows had hidden them before.

"We're looking for you fellows," said the leader pleasantly. He was a large, light-haired man, whom all three had admired since the day they came to Washington. Canary Evans was the strong spirit of the Saint Georgers. And even had he not been captain of the football team, the

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three freshmen would have admired him for his own sake.

He singled out Billy. "Come over to the house with me; will you, Hazen?" And to Sherrill: "Sandy MacDonald wants to see you, Sherry." And Sandy MacDonald, red-headed, six feet, and a football player, led the bow-legged Sherry across the street.

Then he turned to Stub Barrows. "Young fellow," he said in a kindly tone, "I guess you've never met Mr. Hale, have you?"

Stub shook his head. Out of the darkness loomed a stoop-shouldered, broad-backed, ungainly fellow of about twenty, with a round face, spectacles, and a beard-line so blue that it showed even at night. He put out a hairy hand which Stub gripped firmly.

"Funny, isn't it!" he began, "that you should have been over to the house so much lately, and I've never met you. Well, you see, I work a little now and then; play the organ in the chapel; study once in a while,

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and—Good night, Canary!—Good night, Hazen!" He waved an arm to the departing pair; then to Stub again: "Going up to college?"

"Yes, sir," said Stub.

"I'll go with you, then. Haven't got much to do for a few minutes. That Canary Evans is a fine fellow, isn't he? Just to know him has paid me for joining the Saint Georgers."

Stub nodded. "Yes, sir."

"Don't 'sir' me, Barrows, please!" interrupted Hale with a drawl. "Please; I know I'm a sophomore; but I can't help it. I was a freshman last year, and I got over that; so there's still hope."

Stub's eyes opened wide. He felt drawn to this new friend,—even if he were a sophomore; but he said nothing. They passed the gym, and were nearing Gerald.

Hale continued: "What was your school, Barrows?"

"Chatham Military School," responded Stub.

"Hazen was there, too, wasn't he?"

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"Yes, sir; we were chums. He won the Eagle Prize last year. That's how he got to college."

At Stub's entry they stopped.

"That's fine," said Hale. "Well, I must leave you, old man." He turned to go; but paused. "Do you play football?"

"A little," answered Stub.

"And Hazen, too?"

"He's a fine player; but he promised not to this year, for fear he might get behind in his studies."

"Um," grunted Mr. Hale; and he plunged into deep thought. Then slowly: "I'm glad you play; I'm hanged if I'm not, Barrows! I don't do anything at the game myself; guess I don't know enough. You—it'll make things a lot easier for you. What's the number of your room? Eighteen? Well, I'll drop in and try my voice sometime. I play the organ by ear, you know; and I always sing the hymns before I play 'em. If I can keep on the key singing, I know I'm all right for playing. Good idea; don't you think? I'll

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come in some time, and try out in your study. You won't mind much; will you?"

"I should say I won't!" gasped Stub. "You bet I won't, Mr. Hale!"

"Well, you better not wait up for Hazen to-night, Barrows. He's liable to be late. So long! By the way," he added, "my name is Lemuel Bushrod Hale; not *Mr.* Hale! Everybody calls me Old Bush. Good night!" And Old Bush disappeared into the darkness.

"Good night!" responded Stub; and the full knowledge came to him that he was of the cast-offs.

He climbed his dormitory stairs, pushed open the door of number 18, lighted the gas, and then jumped nearly out of his skin. For there, sound asleep in his chair, lay the little red-nosed, bespectacled freshman whom he had befriended at the bulletin board three days before.

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CHAPTER IV

A ROAD IS CHOSEN

Stub shook the sleeper by the sleeve.

The granulated lids of Rafael Meshach Lang opened slowly. The owner of them bolted up in his chair, thrust a set of red and deformed knuckles under his thick spectacles, and rubbed his eyes.

"I—I must have fallen asleep," he stammered. "I didn't mean to! I've wanted to see you ever since the—that day. I've been sick; I guess I was tired—"

"That's all right," Stub answered, and put out his hand. "Barrows is my name."

"Yes; I know. My name is Rafael Lang."

"I'm glad to meet you," Stub responded. "Better sit down again, Mr. Lang."

But Rafael Meshach Lang did not re-

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sume his chair. He stepped haltingly towards his host. Stub took him in from head to foot. It was a sorry figure indeed that the little man cut. He was clad in a shabby gray suit, the trousers of which were frayed at the bottom and bagged at the knees. His hair was a coarse auburn; and a strong cowlick sent it off at an unusual angle from the middle of a low forehead. He was very pigeon-toed, too; and from the shape of his shoe it was evident his right foot was badly deformed.

"I—ca—can't begin to thank you for the way you helped me—on the walk the other day," he began. The red lids blinked behind his thick glasses.

Stub flushed. "Cut that out, please!" he interrupted. "Do sit down."

Stub himself dropped into a large desk chair. The visitor took a seat next the study table in the center of the room; and began again:

"Wh—what you did for me the other day was—"

"I did nothing!" Stub broke in quickly.

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"Please don't say anything more about it."

Rafael Lang nodded dully. "All right, sir," he said, and gulped a sob. "I—I —been here more than a week, and you're the only fellow that's been decent to me! I guess that's what's the trouble."

Stub leaned forward in his chair, and gazed sympathetically at his new acquaintance. "You're a little lonely, old man. Wait till you've been here a while. The fellows will be all right. Where do you come from?"

"Sunbury, near Norwalk," answered Lang. "My father was Rector of St. John's there. He died last year; and it was a hard job getting here, too, Mr. Barrows. Father didn't leave very much. But Mr. Carroll over in Salem—he saw Dr. Harmsworth for me."

"Prexy Harmsworth?" asked Stub.

Lang nodded. "They fixed it up for me to work my way through college by running the college store." He paused and blinked his red eyes.

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"The college store! That's fine!" exclaimed Stub.

"Yes; because Dr. Harmsworth had never even seen me when he gave me the job," babbled the little man plaintively. "He just took Mr. Carroll's word for me."

"I see," and a light came to Stub as to how Dr. Harmsworth was induced to give the boy such a position. "Where have you got the store?"

"Back room, Southam Towers," explained Lang, "on the ground floor."

"What you sell?"

"Everything; like socks, books, and pencils."

"And you live there, too?"

"Yes, sir; same building; only top floor."

"Sky parlor?"

"Yes, sir; and oh! I'm so lonely sometimes!"

Stub arose and placed a hand upon the other's shoulder. "Take a brace now. You'll make money and be all right."

"I hope so!" responded the little man

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fervently, "but I don't know. I—" He arose. "I'm going now, I guess. I'm much obliged to you for what you did the other day. I'll say good night."

He turned and limped out of the door. Stub stared after him. "Good night, old man!" he called, "I'll be up to the store to-morrow."

He heard the other mumble his good night and hobbled down the stairs. "Sky parlor in Southam!" he ejaculated. "Poor kid! He looks sick, too. I'll bet it is lonely at that."

Stub turned back and sat down at his study table. A moment later, a man bounded up the stairs. Instantly the door burst open, and Billy Hazen, pale and perspiring, rushed in.

"I told 'em I wouldn't, Stub!" he shouted. "Not on your life; unless they took you in!"

Stub jumped up. "You WHAT?"

"I told 'em—the Unicorns and the Saint Georgers! Both of 'em! They each asked me to-night to join. I told the Uni-

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corns I'd let 'em know to-morrow, and the Saint Georgers the same thing. I was going to talk it over with you, and see what we'd better do. I supposed of course they'd ask you too. When I found that they hadn't, Stubby,—when I found that out—I told 'em I'd die before I'd join without you!"

Billy Hazen brought his fist down with a bang upon the table, and fire flashed from his brown eyes as he looked at his chum. Stub's head went back, and for an instant only, his square jaw quivered. Then the gray eyes sent back fire for fire into the eyes of his chum.

"Bill, you mean that you went back to the Unicorn Club," he demanded tersely, "and you told them you wouldn't join unless—unless they took me in? And you told the Saint Georgers the same thing?"

"You bet! That's just what I did!" responded Bill, fiercely.

Stub paled. "Then you go back right now, and tell 'em that you won't stand out for any such thing! Understand?"

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Billy Hazen laughed harshly. "You're crazy!" he answered. "What do you think I am?" and he sat down nonchalantly in the big desk chair.

"Go back!" cried Stub, every muscle strained. "Or—I'll—I'll break your head in!"

But Billy turned his back upon his friend.

"Dry up," he drawled; "it's settled!" And Bill's effort for self-mastery was wonderful to behold.

Stub took a step forward, and stood over him. "Don't be a chump, Bill!" The tone was changed to pleading. "Think what it's going to mean to you! Think what—"

"Sssh! What's that?"

Instantly both boys ceased speaking. From the walk below came the raucous and impudent order: "Lights out, freshmen! Lights out, and be quick about it!"

Billy jumped for the gas jet, and turned it off. The big clock in Southam Towers struck twelve.

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"Sophomores," he whispered laconically; "I guess we'd better go to bed, Stub."

And five minutes later, they did.

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CHAPTER V

BREAKERS AHEAD

"I'm too busy," Billy explained. "I came to college on a scholarship, and I've got obligations, Stub, I have! So quit harping on that club business."

Stub subsided; it was always the same. Yet he was heartsore because of the sacrifice his chum had made for him; and he feared lest some day Billy would regret the opportunities he had forfeited.

And so, in spite of all that he could say, Billy Hazen refused the offers of the Saint Georgers and the Unicorns; and as a result, neither of the boys became members of any club.

As to Sherry. The tow-head fumed, and declared, upon the "fetlocks of his grandad's horse" that unless Stub Barrows was taken in with him he wouldn't join any club. But when the Saint George

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Tavern extended him an invitation, Stub argued with him long and earnestly; and told him how foolish he would be to refuse. Billy took up the plea from another angle:

"It's different with me, Sherry," he said intently; "Stub and I have been chums since we were kids; and besides—" and here Billy stepped close to the other —"and besides, Sherry, if you don't join 'em I'll kick your old head in for being a goat!"

It must not be thought, however, that Billy's words in any way frightened the tow-head; for that worthy only grinned as he heard them. On the other hand, Stub's entreaties did make a deep impression; and the matter ended by Sherry's becoming a Saint Georger, to the deep gratification of all three.

The warm September days soon changed to the crisper ones of October. Billy and Stub both plunged, with all their hearts, into the life of Washington. Both studied hard; and the latter joined the scrub and went down to the football field

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each afternoon. In a short time it was soon evident that he was a promising candidate for the team, and in early October he was taken on to the Varsity squad.

Sherry was wildly enthusiastic about his chances.

"You old duffer!" he roared almost every night, as he and Stub and Billy discussed the afternoon's practice, "You'll make her sure before the end of the season. Say, Bill, where did old Stub ever get his name, anyway?"

And Billy always grinned and answered seriously:

"He doesn't look very stubby now; does he? But he was a fat boy once; weren't you, old scout?" Billy generally whacked his roommate on the back at this, and just as generally received a stiff jab in the ribs in return for it.

Across the hall from Stub and Bill roomed two members of the freshman class who, with Sherry, had joined the Saint George Tavern. One of these was a big, swarthy German called Dutch

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Koppel, president of the freshman class. The other was Pinkey Coatsworth, a pink and white personage; tall, slender, and rattle-brained.

With these two, Sherry, Billy and Stub soon joined forces; and, long before the opening day of college had passed into memory, they had all become fast friends. But neither Pinkey nor Dutch could quite understand Stub, and they held many a discussion in private regarding him.

"Well, he is a queer combination, fellows; I'll have to admit," Sherry held forth late one afternoon in middle October, as Pinkey and Dutch referred their argument to him. The three were on the way to the Saint George Tavern from the football field. Sherry continued, "Most of the class like him, and the sophomores don't. All of us are his best friends; and at the same time so is that sick calf, Lang!" Sherry wagged his towhead slowly.

"Rats!" broke in Pinkey. "He's all right; and say, did you notice they gave

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him a try-out on the Varsity to-day; the only freshman, too. That's going some!"

"Who said it wasn't?" retorted Sherry. "I just said he was a queer combination; that's all. I bet he gets in the Yale game, too."

At this Dutch Koppel removed his hands from his hip pockets. "That's got nothing to do with it, fellows," he answered slowly. "When is the Yale game, anyway?"

"The twentieth. Next Wednesday, Birdie!" replied Sherry with scorn. "And Christmas is the twenty-fifth of next December, if you need the information!"

Dutch Koppel paid no attention to the sarcasm.

"And Merrifield University game is the week after, isn't it?"

"Sure, Dutch!" laughed Pinkey. "What's on your mind?"

"Nothing; only, I was just thinking. If Stub keeps on playing the way he did to-day, I'll bet he makes the team before

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we play Merrifield. And by the time we wind up with Coventry,—well, you watch him!"

"Wise Dutch!" commented Sherry.

They entered the Saint George Tavern.

About this time, a broad-shouldered youth, with clear gray eyes, and the glow of his shower bath still red in his cheeks, hurried from the gym toward Gerald.

"Oh, Barrows! Wait a minute!" called a voice from behind him.

The broad-shouldered youth stopped and peered into the enveloping dusk. "Who is it?"

"Me! Tiberius Cæsar!" An ungainly form approached.

"Old Bush!" Stub exclaimed.

"The same!" the voice responded. "I'm going to have supper over in Commons. Guess I'll have it with you."

The two walked on side by side.

"That was fine work of yours to-day, Stub," began Old Bush. "You'll get a permanent place on the team if you don't

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look out. My opinions, though, are worth about as much as duck feet would be to a cow!"

Stub laughed.

"Your friend Bally Clay can play some, too, if I'm any judge."

"I should say he can," answered Stub.

They hurried their steps and went directly to the College Commons for supper. A training table it will be seen, was not a part of the football man's life at Washington. Patsy Cahill, the Czar of athletic conditioning, did not believe in it. "A man'll do better taking care of his own stomach than he can if I try to take care of it for him," was his explanation of the situation.

After supper, Old Bush invited himself to Stub's room. "They say you're the freshest freshman that ever happened," he explained soberly; "that's why I'm calling on you. I like to know notables in all walks of life. Bally Clay says—"

"I don't mean to be fresh, Bush," Stub interrupted intently. "All I ever did

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against Clay was to stand up for Lang; he's lame."

"I know," replied Old Bush; "I believe in you, my boy, even if you did insult college tradition by interfering with sophomore prerogatives. I'm only sorry it happened. Some of our class at the Tavern side with Bally, Stub. It's too bad; that's all."

They were sitting opposite each other. The gas threw a white light full upon their faces. Stub leaned forward. "Bush," he said earnestly, "maybe after all, it's just as well that your fellows and the Unicorn did turn me down. I've done a lot of thinking lately, and have come to the conclusion that a man can do as much good as a neutral as he can as a club man; and maybe even more."

Old Bush rubbed his blue beard-line in astonishment. "What you mean, Sonny?"

"I'm a neutral, with no ties," Stub answered. "There are things in this college that ought not to be: For instance, cheating goes on here, or the faculty thinks

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it does, which is 'most as bad. At our entrance exams Professor Hamilton sat guard over us, as if we were convicts! You know he thought he caught a fellow. At every examination that's held in this college, the same thing goes on. Do you think that's right? If this college has as high a sense of honor as it ought to have, a guard to watch its examinations isn't necessary, and the faculty should know it. And if a guard is necessary, and the men here really cheat unless they're watched, then this college ought to be taught what honor is!"

Old Bush leaned back in his chair. "Um," he grunted. "What you want to do?"

"Change things," said Stub at once, "so that guards to keep us honest aren't necessary! Have an honor system. Mighty few fellows would cheat then; but if any did, let the faculty allow us to attend to 'em! We'd do it. You put fellows on their honor, Bush, and they'll be better men every time."

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"I see!" exclaimed the sophomore. "Turn the college into a regular government with a regular senate? Is that the idea?"

Stub looked his visitor square in the eyes.

"I don't know of any better job for a neutral to tackle," he answered firmly.

Old Bush laughed. "Well, my boy, you certainly are fresh, and no mistake! So that's why you're glad you're a neutral, eh? There are no ties to prevent you treading on anybody's toes! What do you think of that! Stubby, my son, if you set out on that kind of a road you've got more trouble ahead of you than you can think of!"

Stub listened eagerly. "Why you—you don't mean that there really is much cribbing here?" he exclaimed.

Old Bush looked solemn.

"No, not exactly cribbing," he answered slowly, "but there are some fellows here, —good fellows, too,—who don't work very hard, and who figure that as long as the

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faculty keep a guard at exams to see that they don't cheat, it's perfectly legitimate to give that guard something to work for! Understand? If you'd happen to get an honor system in here, these same good fellows wouldn't ever cheat; and they'd have to work in consequence! I think you might have as much opposition to reform from that source, Stub, as you would from the faculty."

Stub straightened in his chair. "I suppose that's true," he said.

"You'd better think it over, before you do much, my son; that's my advice." Old Bush arose to go. "I must get back to the Tavern; just wanted to see how you were getting along. I found out, too, didn't I!" He chuckled softly. "That reminds me, how's Bally Clay doing in his higher algebra? It makes him sore as a crab to have to recite with you freshmen! But conditions are conditions. I suppose he'll work his off, though, in the autumn test. Good night."

Stub scarcely heard him. He grasped

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his vistitor's hand. "Good night; but just the same, Old Bush, I am going to try for this reform!"

For an instant a light appeared in the sophomore's eyes; he gripped the other's hand.

"Then I'm with you, freshman," he answered smilingly; and Lemuel Bushrod Hale went out the door.

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CHAPTER VI

AFTER THE YALE GAME

"CLAY! Clay! Clay!" Five hundred lusty throats shrieked the name. "Bally! get him!" a breathless silence followed.

Clay stood on his own thirty-yard line. He had dropped back, expecting the Yale full-back to kick. Instead, it was Yale strategy; they faked. Washington had held them without a foot of gain for two downs, and now, with perfect interference, Yale swept around Canary Evans at left end, bowled over Randolph at quarter and Sandy MacDonald at half, and had a clear field to the Washington goal posts, with only Bally Clay at full-back to oppose them.

The Yale half shook off his interference, and shot out like a bullet down the field.

Washington groaned in agony. Clay's long, dark form crouched a moment as he

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took in the oncoming half. Then he began a lithe, loping advance against the other. It was much as a panther meets its enemy. The Yale man drew nearer; he was coming hard. Clay's eyes were on him, his jaws set. Determination to down this blue-jerseyed man or die was in his heart. But three yards separated them. Suddenly the Yale half stuck out a straight arm, and dodged. But Bally was ready for him. Like a cat he sprang upon him. His tentacle arms pinioned the blue man's knees and the two struck the ground as though dropped from the heavens.

For an instant, not a sound was heard. Then a mighty shout from Washington went up. The open stands on either side of the athletic field, and the grand stand at the end, became a maze of waving arms and tossing hats.

A coatless cheer-leader, with cane in one hand and megaphone in the other, stood before the south stand.

"All together, boys!" he bellowed. "Now! A long Washington! One! Two!

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Three!" As one man the college poured forth:

"Waw-shington! Waw-shington! Waw-shington!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Washington! Washington! Washington!
Clay! Clay!"

The tackler and tackled arose. The two teams lined up instantly. Then the referee blew his whistle.

The half was over; score nothing to nothing. Yale was dumfounded. For years they had come up annually from New Haven. The game had always been easy. They retired to their dressing room not for a rest, but for the finest curtain lecture they'd had in many a day. Washington was insane; the team couldn't understand themselves; the college didn't try to.

With his team-mates, Bally Clay stalked off the field, proud and happy. The college cheered him to the skies. He waved an arm toward the stand. "Easy!" he laughed.

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In the gym, the "old grads," who were back for coaching, gave a half-dozen different kinds of instruction at once. The only cool head in the lot was Patsy Cahill, the little trainer.

"Shet up, you fellers!" he thundered, "Oi'm the boss here," and the old grads. obeyed him. "The next half they'll try to bate yez up quick! But play hard, and *fergit it's Yale!* Kape that in mind; understand me? Toime's up now, boys! Soak it to 'em! And *fergit it's Yale!*"

The team trotted back upon the field. A tremendous cheer greeted them. The Yale men followed quickly. Only a faint yell came from their stand; there were few at New Haven who had thought it anything but a waste of time to follow the team to Hartville.

The Yale players pranced about confidently. Their substitutes, blanketed like Indians, lay upon the side-lines, and contemptuously eyed their similarly attired rivals on the opposite side of the field.

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The second half opened as Patsy Cahill had said it would. Yale went after her opponent like a tiger. Washington kicked off, and Yale brought the ball back by perfect interference to the center of the field. Here she was stopped by Sandy MacDonald in a beautiful tackle.

Immediately, the pounding to pieces of Washington began. Yale struck her through the center, through the tackles, and went round her ends. The smaller college seemed helpless. In a few minutes, the ball was on Washington's ten-yard line.

"Brace up, fellows!" roared Canary Evans. "Forget it's Yale!"

"Hold 'em! Hold 'em! Hold 'em!" shouted the south stand.

"Six-thirteen-forty two!" snapped the Yale quarter.

The blue backs dived for a Washington tackle; but the line held! The teams piled up like an ant hill. Suddenly, a red-headed, six-foot Washingtonian broke away from the scrambling mass and

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dashed down the field with the ball under his arm.

Fumble! But Sandy MacDonald was downed after twenty yards by an alert Yale end.

The game went on, and Washington "forgot it was Yale." Both teams played like demons. At last there remained only four minutes more of time. Neither team had scored. Again the ball was on Washington's ten-yard line. Yale had worked it steadily from the center of the field. She had just made her distance. She hurled her heavy backs against Jimmy Gore at center, and plunged through. Once more Sandy MacDonald saved the day. He threw himself at the knees of the battering ram, and stopped the advance.

But that ended Sandy; for they carried him off the field, the wind completely out of him.

Two minutes more of play, and three yards only for Yale to gain!

A big, broad-shouldered substitute

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peeled off his blanket, and midst a death-like silence from the stands, rushed out to take Sandy's place. It was Stub.

"Hold 'em, Barrows! That's all you've got to do!" hissed Patsy Cahill, as the freshman left him.

"Play up against left tackle," whispered Canary Evans.

The whistle blew. Instantly, Yale smashed right into the weak tackle and the green man. Stub was scarcely ready; but he threw his whole strength against them. It was no use. He was beaten to the ground, and the Yale offense passed over him, and behind the goal line. They'd won the game.

The goal was kicked, and the score was six to nothing. Then the final whistle blew.

For a moment, there was not a sound from the Washington stands; their hopes had been too high. Then they burst forth and cheered their team at the top of their lungs.

A six to nothing beating by Yale was

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victory enough for a college of five hundred and odd men!

Bally Clay and Sandy MacDonald were the heroes of the hour. And they deserved to be; for their games had been beautiful to behold.

In the gym, Canary Evans addressed himself to Stub:

"Never mind, young fellow. No one could have held them. I ought to have taken Billy Whittier out of tackle; he was done for."

That night, the college celebrated. The freshmen brought barrels, fence rails, and even a dog-house; and a huge bonfire was built upon the campus.

"The next best game we ever played against Yale," announced Big Foot Martin, captain of the baseball team, "was 'way back in 1900. We held 'em twelve to nothing. We've got a great team this year, and no mistake!"

About half-past eleven the college had cheered and sung itself hoarse and began to disperse for the night. An hour earlier

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Patsy Cahill had ordered the team to bed.

But Bally Clay and Beef Wilcox, who played right guard, had escaped Patsy's vigilance, and still loitered about the blazing pyre. They talked together animatedly. As they stood with the flickering shadows of the flames playing upon their faces, Pinkey Coatsworth took up a position in the darkness about five yards away, and unseen, admired them with worshiping eyes, as if they had been persons from another world.

Pinkey, if rattle-brained and a hero-worshiper, was a generous soul, and extremely likable. He would run his legs off for a friend. Both Bally Clay and Beef Wilcox had already found this out; for Pinkey had shown them clearly more than once that their football playing had completely won his heart. Pinkey watched them now, his soul full of dreams of a gold-lined day when he, too, might wear the football togs of Washington. At last, he could control himself no longer. He approached the pair shyly.

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"What a peach of a game you played, Bally!" he murmured, his white-lashed eyes widening. "And you too, Beef!"

The two sophomores beamed upon him benignantly.

"Thanks," replied Clay, with a condescending raising of his eyebrows.

"Same here, Pinkey," grunted Beef.

Pinkey winced. Suddenly Bally Clay smiled. It was a rare, black smile, and his dark eyes flickered yellow. "Pinkey, old scout," he exclaimed cordially, "you're just the fellow we're looking for."

The words were honey to the younger boy.

"Yep," went on Bally, "but you got to keep quiet about it. Beef and I are going to celebrate to-day's game. Can you keep a still tongue in your head?"

And Pinkey, whose tongue ordinarily ran like a bell-clapper, swore that he could.

"Well, then, listen." The three drew close together. "Beef and I are going into the bug lab and swipe that old skeleton there. Old Grunty Tyler is the wust

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grouch in the faculty, so we're going to stick Mr. Skeleton in his chair in his lecture room. Freshman French is his first class in the morning"—here Bally's voice lowered to a whisper—"and Pinkey, I guess you're elected to attend to Grunty's case at that time! Are you on?"

Pinkey's cheeks were crimson with excitement. "Am I?" he gasped. "Leave it to me!"

"Fine! We'll do it! See you in the morning."

"But how about the skeleton?"

Bally Clay smiled knowingly. "Leave that to us! Good night!"

And the two sophomores left the freshman alone to work out his part of the plans as best he might.

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CHAPTER VII

FRESHMAN FRENCH

"Coast's clear," whispered Beef Wilcox as he opened the door. "Can you make it all right?"

"Yep!" answered Bally Clay softly. "Open the door a little wider. Sure no one's around?"

Beef Wilcox tiptoed up from the sunken entrance of the Biological Laboratory in the basement of Middlebury Hall. He peered cautiously up and down the long walk in front of the main buildings, while Bally Clay, supporting the ancient skeleton of the "bug lab," awaited the result of the reconnaissance. It was after midnight, and black; though from across the campus the red embers of the evening's fire glowed dully. Not a sound was to be heard.

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"Come on!" ordered Beef; "we'll keep close to the wall. Here, I'll help you."

"Take it by the head," muttered Bally. "I'll 'tend to the legs."

Beef tried to obey; but was too excited to do so quickly.

"You dub!" whispered Bally. "Cut it out!" He seized the skeleton about the waist, and ran down the walk to the next entrance of Middlebury. Beef followed close behind.

"Pick up his legs," besought Beef, "he just lost a toe!"

Bally paid him no attention.

A few minutes later, the skeleton was duly enthroned in Professor "Grunty" Tyler's chair, with its legs crossed, and a black plug hat resting jauntily upon the side of its head.

"There's a good job done," commented Bally, as he took a last satisfied look at his work. "Now let's whoop it for home."

They made their way back to the walk, and moved cautiously in the shadow of the main buildings, toward Madison Street.

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At Southam Towers they stopped. "Sst!" Bally whispered. A figure loomed in the darkness not five yards away from them. It was a man, standing on the Towers steps, looking up at the sky. He was round-shouldered and had a ragged mustache.

For an instant only, Bally and Beef were too surprised to move. Then they sped across the campus as fast as their legs would take them.

Freshman French was scheduled for eight-forty on five mornings out of each week. Chapel was over at eight-thirty, and usually the embryo Frenchmen spent this free ten minutes lolling about the campus in front of Grunty's Middlebury entry, talking, or "cramming" for the recitation in order to make up for neglected work. But upon this particular morning, something in the air sent them directly from chapel to Grunty's room.

The first men to arrive were Pinkey Coatsworth and Sherry. The former surveyed the fleshless relic of an earlier

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generation with much satisfaction, and some feigned surprise. The latter was surprised beyond a doubt, and particularly delighted.

"Take your seat!" whispered Pinkey instantly. "Don't make any noise. I'll stand outside the door, and make every fellow come in quietly. Wait till Grunty gets here!"

Sherry grinned until his cheeks were red.

"Nine alarm clocks in here," confided Pinkey.

"Gee!" breathed Sherry ecstatically.

"And somebody's put a lot of orange peel on each fellow's desk!"

Sherry was speechless at this master stroke.

"Here come the fellows."

Pinkey sprang to the door. "Sit down, Sherry." The tow-head obeyed.

Soon the freshmen arrived in droves, and Pinkey whispered mysteriously to each as they passed him.

A moment after the last classmate entered, Pinkey jumped to his desk, and was

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absorbed instantly in the day's lesson. There was not a sound from the class as Professor Tyler crossed the threshold.

The freshmen had their backs toward him as he entered. He was about fifty; stooped, bespectacled, and gray-bearded. He walked swiftly, with his head toward the ground. Indeed, he had almost reached the raised platform upon which his desk stood and had not yet noticed the occupant of his chair.

The class tittered.

"Ungh! Ungh! What's that? What's that?" he grunted. "Girls' titter. Girls' titter."

And then he beheld it!

He stopped directly in front of his desk, and looked the skeleton over slowly and carefully. His left hand went to the beard on his chin, and his fingers scratched swiftly. The class roared. Professor Tyler turned and faced them.

"Ungh! Ungh! Gentlemen, gentlemen," said he, "can't learn French; can't learn French with dead ones in the class.

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Sherrill, Sherrill, I guess you did this. Come up here. You can be coroner. Go bury that in the back of the room."

Sherry flushed to the tow-hair on his head, and obeyed. The class howled and jeered him as he did so. Grunty Tyler took his seat. An alarm clock in the far end of the room went off. As Sherry deposited the skeleton in a corner he chuckled and ventured audibly: "It's time to wake up, Professor!"

"Ungh. What's that? What's that, Sherrill? Come back here."

Sherry came toward the Professor shamefacedly.

Another clock, in an opposite corner from the first, went off.

Grunty adjusted his spectacles, and looked over them at the bow-legged, red-faced tow-head before him.

"Ungh! So it's time to wake up, is it? Ungh! Ungh!" (It's impossible to describe this wonderful guttural sound, but it was as if the voice were locked in the lowest depths of him, and were possessed

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of an insatiate desire to scrape its way out.) "Ungh! Get right down here." He seized Sherry by the lobe of the ear, and tweaking it roundly, bent that surprised individual to the floor. There he placed him in a sitting posture next his desk, jammed a professorial knee against his head, and thus held him, firmly, and most uncomfortably.

"Ouch! Professor!" yelled Sherry. "My ear! You'll make me deaf!"

"Ungh! Deaf!" retorted Grunty. "Well, then these clocks won't bother you; will they, Sherrill?"

The class howled, and the professor grinned contentedly.

Another clock rang out, and still another, and another, until the entire nine had done their duty.

"What goes up, must come down!" It was Pinkey Coatsworth from the depths of his collar. Instantly, he hurled a handful of orange peels to the ceiling. The class followed suit unhesitatingly. As a result, a kaleidoscopic shower of red,

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white, and yellow filled the room for a second or two.

Grunty watched it amazedly. For a moment, his knees relaxed their tension against Sherry's head; and that young worthy at once fled from the professor's clutches. Grunty took no notice of the escape; instead he waited for the shower of orange peels to settle, and then addressed the class:—

"Ungh! Idiots! Get out of here!" he snorted. "All of you! Ungh! Ungh! Get out; get out! How would I know who set off the alarm clocks, or who brought that skeleton in here? But when you throw those orange peels, I can see every last one of you! Ungh! Ungh! Get out! Get out! It'll cost you a cut apiece for the whole class. I'm disgusted with you! Ungh! You don't know anything!"

The class of 1912 filed out; the majority agreeing thoroughly with Grunty Tyler's opinion of them.

Now, Grunty was a good fellow, with a great deal of boy in his heart; for, as he

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left the French room, it was noticed that he chuckled to himself. It is morally certain therefore, that Grunty intended never to give the matter any serious consideration. Unthinkingly, however, that afternoon he told the story as a joke at a faculty meeting, which had been especially called to consider an entirely different matter.

The faculty, unluckily, did not view the occurrence in the same sunny light that Professor Tyler did. To them, the alarm clock and orange peel episodes might possibly have been overlooked; but the indignity to which one of their members had been subjected by the seating of a skeleton in a professorial chair—that was another matter, and must not be condoned!

Old Grunty protested; but in vain. The following morning, each freshman received a notice that Dr. Dustwell, the Dean, would interview him individually, in his office, that afternoon from two o'clock on.

At two o'clock, therefore, the freshman class appeared; and in alphabetical order,

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were separately ushered into Dr. Dustwell's private office. Here each man of them was critically surveyed by the Dean, and then asked these four questions:

"Did you put the skeleton in Professor Tyler's room?"

"Did you have anything to do with it?"

"Did you have any knowledge prior to yesterday morning's chapel of its being done?"

"If so, what was it?"

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CHAPTER VIII

SKIRMISH FIRE

It was nearly three o'clock when Stub Barrows came out from the Dean's office.

He was compelled to rush directly to the gym to don his togs for football practice, before he was able to learn the result of the questioning of his class. His brain was on fire; every bit of indignation in him was aroused.

A week had elapsed since his talk with Old Bush Hale about the honor system. Since then, he had spoken to several of his classmates about it; to Sherrill, to Dutch Koppel, to Pinkey Coatsworth, and to Billy. They had listened to him with patience; but had refused to take him seriously.

"It's all right, Stub," Bill told him, "but you can't reform the earth. If something big should happen here,—why then, of course, it might be different."

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As Stub hurried into his football clothes, Billy's words came back to him. "Yes," he told himself, "perhaps something big has happened here to-day!"

"Come on, fellows! Hump yourselves!" It was Canary Evans's order, and Stub was soon upon the field.

Practice that afternoon was light; for the team had not entirely recovered from the strain of the Yale game. It consisted mostly of running through signals and falling on the ball. Yet it took longer than was expected, and it was nearly dusk when Stub was out of the gym and had reached his entry in Gerald.

"Oh, Stub!" He turned to face Billy Hazen, who was coming up the walk. "I was just in the store. Your little playmate, Lang, looks like the old scratch. I guess he's sick. He says he wants to see you."

Stub turned around! "What's the matter with him? He isn't the one who put the skeleton in Grunty's room, is he?"

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Billy Hazen laughed. "I don't know. I guess not. The Dean didn't find out who did it."

Stub Barrows looked serious. "He didn't! Do you suppose somebody lied, Bill?"

"Sure; somebody did; it's pretty evident."

"That's fierce, Bill. I'll go to see Lang right off."

The two separated, and Stub hurried to the college store.

Rafael Meshach Lang arose from an old Morris chair which stood in a corner, amidst text-books, pads, and ink-wells. He hobbled across the room to greet his visitor. He was quite pale, save for a small pink spot on each cheek.

"I can't stand it—much longer—Stub," he whimpered, as he looked up through his thick glasses. "I'm so lonely, and I—I get hot and cold by spells. I don't believe I'm—I'm very well."

Stub sat down before the lame boy.

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"Get into your chair again, Raf," he told him. "You'll be all right. I'll send the doctor up this evening."

Lang shivered. "Oh, no," he protested, "I—I couldn't afford that."

Then Stub talked to him gently and encouragingly, until presently the little man recovered his spirits, and announced:—"I'm all right now."

After this, Stub bade him good night, and left the room.

In the hall of Southam Towers, outside the door of the college store, is a stairway which leads to the cellar. This cellar extends under all three of the main buildings; that is, Gerald, Southam Towers, and Middlebury. It is divided into many subterranean compartments, all accessible to one another through doorways. These compartments are used for coal, laboratories, and general storage, and are dark and mysterious. For generations, they have been known as the Catacombs.

As Stub Barrows stepped into the hall from the college store, a man who cau-

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tiously ascended the Catacombs' stairs, creaked a loose board. Stub whirled about, and to his utter astonishment beheld the smiling face of Pinkey Coatsworth emerging from the semi-darkness.

"Well, where in the world have you been?" Stub demanded.

"Down in the Catacombs," replied Pinkey, as cool as a cake of ice.

"In the Catacombs!"

"Sure. Say, it's dark outside, isn't it, Stub?"

"Of course it is; it's supper time."

"Then I'll walk along with you."

They left the Towers, and walked to their entry in Gerald.

"Aren't you going up to your room?" asked Stub.

"No," replied Pinkey; and Stub noticed that he continuously cast furtive glances up and down the walk.

"Pinkey," said he suddenly, as if to relieve his mind of a heavy burden, "you know the honor system we were talking about the other day?"

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Pinkey nodded nervously.

"Well, here's a case right now. Every freshman in college is called before the faculty, and asked about this skeleton business; and every freshman in college, so far as anybody can find out, denies that he knows anything about it. That's a nice state of affairs; isn't it?"

Stub stood with his legs spread apart, his body inclined forward. "Who cares who did?" he continued. "I don't much; but if somebody lied that's—"

Pinkey surveyed him, pale, and wide-eyed.

"Well!" he interrupted irrelevantly, "you don't suspect me, do you?"

"It isn't fair for the faculty to put such temptation before any fellow for a little thing like that," Stub went on. "Either lie or be suspended or expelled. That's what their cross-questioning means. It's all wrong. It's wrong, too, that a class should let itself be forced into any such position! If the college had its own governing body, the fellows could punish

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such things as this themselves. You know what I'm driving at, Pinkey." Stub's eyes flashed.

Pinkey threw back his shoulders; a smile came and went about the corners of his mouth. "Rot!" he ejaculated.

It was like a match to gun-cotton.

"Rot nothing!" Stub retorted. "The fellows aren't to blame entirely for this! We're spied upon in exams and lying or sneaking just naturally follows. This class ought to be put on a basis where such things as to-day's business won't happen again!"

Pinkey moved, as if to get away.

"I've got to go, Stub," he broke in inanely.

"All right," Stub answered; "but, Pinkey, at the next class meeting I'm going to bring up the question of a class senate, which will run our affairs on an honor basis."

But Pinkey was already moving. "Forget it, Stub!" he laughed in a forced manner, "I've got to go to supper." And

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ne promptly disappeared in the darkness.

Later that evening, Bally Clay made his way to 18 Gerald. He entered without knocking. Billy was in Sherry's room in the next entry. Stub was alone in the study, seated at the center table. He arose at Clay's entrance, and the sophomore walked straight up to him. The two met under the glare of the gas light, and faced each other. For a moment, neither spoke; but the battle began the instant that Stub's gray eyes struck the yellow glint in the black ones of Bally Clay.

"Look here, freshman," Bally declared, after a moment. "I hear you're going to make trouble for the fellow who put that skeleton in Grunty Tyler's room."

"I don't see how that concerns you any," Stub retorted.

Bally stepped closer to him. "You cut that kind of business out, freshman—see? Or you'll get something you're not looking for!"

Stub did not flinch. "Threats won't do any good, Clay."

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"Won't they?" sneered Bally. His voice was low and even. "Then I'll tell you something. I put that skeleton in Grunty Tyler's room; and I haven't been asked about it yet."

Stub remained unmoved. "You're not in our class. I guess that's why! but some freshman helped you."

"And if he did?"

"There's no use saying anything more, is there?"

Clay lost his temper. His face flushed. "Don't you dig this thing up any further, Barrows," he whispered between his teeth. "I'm not going to be dragged into this; you can gamble on that. Understand?"

"I do," answered Stub, and continued to gaze steadily at him.

The sophomore was thoroughly angry. "What you intend to do, freshman?"

"I don't mean to be impertinent," Stub answered quietly, "but that's no concern of yours."

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CHAPTER IX

THE FRESHMEN HOLD A MEETING

When Pinkey Coatsworth left Stub Barrows that afternoon, as may have been surmised, he went direct to Bally Clay at the Unicorn Club, and reported his interview with Stub.

"You know, Bally," Pinkey explained, "when the Dean sent word for us all to come in to his parlor and get caught, I couldn't see his argument."

"So you—" broke in Bally.

"Hid!" continued Pinkey proudly. "Hid instead of going to see him! Went down into the Catacombs; stayed there all afternoon! I haven't told a living soul, Bally, that you and Beef and I put over that little circus on Grunty. Haven't even told Dutch Koppel. I knew if I went into the Dean's office, I'd either have to

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blab or else lie; and I don't lie, Bally." Pinkey stuck his chin out.

"That's right, Pinkey," acquiesced Bally, "don't you lie. But Dusty's probably missed you and'll be after you, Pink. So you'd better stay hidden for a while. Come up in my room. You can stay there. The thing may blow over and Dusty'll give up the chase. To-morrow's Saturday. You've only one recitation?"

Pinkey nodded.

"You cut it then; and to-morrow's and Sunday's chapel, too. Got enough cuts left?"

Again Pinkey nodded.

"Then keep out of sight till Monday. 'Phone up to the Saint Georgers, and leave word that you won't be back for a couple of days. The news will leak over to the Dean's office somehow. Don't you see? And you'll have a high class alibi."

Pinkey thought a moment. "I guess that's what I'd better do," he decided finally. "Do I stay right up in your room?"

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"Of course. If we haven't got the space, Beef and I will make it for you."

They went upstairs to the home of Beef and Bally. Pinkey, a little later, telephoned over to Mrs. Daly, the housekeeper of the Saint George Tavern, and asked her to tell Canary Evans that he would not be back for a couple of days.

"It's all fixed," he declared as he hung up the receiver, "and unless that crazy Barrows stirs things up, they'll never get us; will they, Beef?"

Beef Wilcox, who had just come in, shook his head. "You bet they won't, Pinkey."

But Bally Clay's brows were furrowed. "I guess I'd better go and see that Barrows; he's the freshest man in this or any other college."

Some time after supper, he called upon Stub, with the result already related.

Almost as soon as Bally had closed the door of Stub's room behind him, and left the entry, Billy Hazen rushed into it. With him were Sherry and Dutch Koppel.

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"Go on, we'll make Stub sit up a while to-night, even if he is training,—the old hermit! We'll talk things over." It was Sherry's voice.

The three hurried up the stairs and burst in upon their chum.

"Couldn't keep 'em out," explained Bill. "Sherry's worse than a phonograph!"

They sprawled upon a big divan in the corner of the room.

"Where's Pinkey?" asked Dutch Koppel.

"Aw, he 'phoned Mrs. Daly he'd gone away for a couple of days," explained Sherry.

"Fussing that girl in Salem, I'll bet!" growled Dutch.

Stub was silent. Mentally he pieced together the facts; he had known that Pinkey was the ringleader, at least among the freshmen, of the affair in Grunty's room; he had seen Pinkey coming mysteriously from the Catacombs just before supper; had talked with him; and now,

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after Bally Clay's unlooked-for visit, came Pinkey's sudden disappearance. One thing at least was clear to Stub; Pinkey had not lied.

Sherry looked disgusted. "Fussing that girl, Dutch!" he said; "he's dodging the Dean; that's what he's doing!"

Then Stub told them of his interview with Pinkey in the hallway of Southam Towers, and also of Bally Clay's visit.

"You shouldn't have handed it to Pinkey that way," said Billy. "The batty dub went right to Clay, of course, and told him."

"What if he did?" Stub retorted. "This thing never ought to have happened. We four knew that Pinkey didn't lie; but everybody in college thinks that some one of our class did. If we only had an honor system—You fellows ought to be with me," he broke off. "You, Dutch; you're the president of our class; oughtn't we to clear ourselves? It's a question of class honor now."

Dutch Koppel gazed into space. "It is

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different now, fellows, I'll admit. It's a question of class honor, as Stub says. Even if no one did lie to Dusty, every one *thinks* there's a liar in the class!"

Billy and Sherry nodded acquiescence.

"Then call a class meeting for to-morrow, Dutch, and bring it up before the fellows!" Stub was terribly in earnest. "We owe it to ourselves. Will you call it, Dutch?"

Dutch did not hesitate. "Sure I will!" he replied. "We'll have it in the Latin room to-morrow right after recitation."

Stub jumped to his feet. "Hold on!" he suddenly cried. "We can't do that! I just thought of it! It would be like squealing on Pinkey."

The others saw the point, and agreed that nothing could be done; at least until Pinkey's affairs were settled.

A word now for Pinkey Coatsworth. He was as much a prisoner as if behind the bars, and it was extremely irksome to him. Bally Clay came directly from his interview with Stub and told Pinkey all

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that had been said. Pinkey listened to him well, and his face grew long.

"Make yourself comfortable, Pinkey," Bally concluded. "Beef and I are going downstairs to chin a while." He left the room.

That settled it for Pinkey. Then and there he made up his mind what to do. As soon as he heard the sophomore's steps die away in the hall beneath, he slipped out of a back window of the Unicorn Club, slid down a veranda post, and ran for the Saint George Tavern, and big Canary Evans, as fast as he could.

"Canary, I'm a dog!" he blurted out, as he burst into the football captain's room.

Canary raised his head from under a student's lamp. It was a big blonde head, and in it were a pair of keen eyes, which now turned squarely upon the younger man.

"What's the matter?" Canary inquired.

"I'm a dog!" repeated Pinkey. And then he told Canary of his part in the skele-

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ton affair, and how he had run instead of facing his punishment.

"What'll I do?" he ended.

The big captain thought hard before he spoke.

"Go to Dr. Harmsworth, Pinkey," said he at last. "Go right now. Tell him the whole business from beginning to end, just as you have told me. But of course leave out the names of the two older fellows, just as you've done with me. Prexy's a good sport. He won't insist on knowing who they were."

Pinkey jumped to his feet. "I'll go now," he declared. "I can take what's coming to me. Oh, thank you ever so much, Canary, for setting me straight! I more than appreciate it."

Pinkey left the room, and the following morning, with only a word of explanation to Dutch when he packed his bag, he started for his home, to begin a two weeks' suspension from college.

"Didn't he tell you anything about it,

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Dutch?" asked Sherry, as the two stood outside Stub's door right after chapel.

"Not much," said Dutch, "except that—"

Stub and Billy came out of their room.

"What do you think of it!" exclaimed Sherry, turning to them. "Poor old Pinkey's suspended for the skeleton business!"

"What!" they gasped.

"Yes," put in Dutch, "he owned up to Prexy and he's gone."

"Gee!" exclaimed Billy.

The four fell to discussing the event from every angle.

"There's no use talking, fellows!" pronounced Dutch finally, "there's just one way to prevent this kind of business: the honor system. Pinkey's confessed; but I'll bet half the college thinks he lied first and got caught at it. We can have our meeting now all right, without hurting the poor old duffer."

At twelve o'clock noon, therefore, on Saturday, October twenty-third, Dutch

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Koppel took his place in Professor Hamilton's chair and rapped for the class of 1912 to come to order.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I have called this meeting to consider a most important proposition. Over half the college believe that some one in this class lied to Dr. Dustwell yesterday. As you fellows know, this is not true, for Mr. Pinkey Coatsworth owned up, and as you doubtless are aware, is taking his medicine for it like a man right now. No one blames Pinkey for evading the issue as long as he honorably could. But gentlemen, we should hold our class's good name as sacred as our country's! And so I ask you to listen well to what Mr. Barrows has to say to you. Mr. Barrows—"

Stub arose. A scattered hand-clapping greeted him.

"Gentlemen," he began, "the honor of this class and this college should be too high for any dishonorable acts to occur. But if such acts do occur, I believe they should be punished by those most deeply

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affected; namely, by the college or class body. Self-government develops the best in men! Our great country is self-governing; why should we not be self-governing here at Washington!

"Fellows, the affair in Grunty's room wasn't such a heinous deed. Wouldn't it have been better if we had been allowed to settle such a case ourselves? Say by referring to a class senate?"

Stub paused. There was not a sound in the room.

"Fellows," he went on after a moment, "don't you think it's wrong that it should be necessary for the faculty to spy upon us at exams, and to call us up like a lot of thieves, in order to dispense ordinary class discipline? You know it's wrong! But the faculty isn't entirely to blame. We are the ones, men of 1912! We are the ones chiefly at fault!"

The class moved uneasily as Stub looked about him.

"Fellows, the world holds you just as

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highly as you hold yourselves, but not higher!" Stub's voice was tense with excitement. "Try the faculty out another way!—the honorable way,—and see what the result will be! Fellows, I offer as a motion that the class of 1912 petitions the faculty to permit us to govern ourselves, and to conduct our own exams—without the presence of a faculty representative! I propose further, that we, on our part, pledge our honor that we will punish all infractions of rules, and that there will be no cheating at exams!" Stub's fist was clenched; his voice reached a high pitch. "Gentlemen! It's the only manly way for us to live here at Washington, and I believe the faculty would grant such a petition!"

He sat down. At first the class was too astonished to applaud; but an instant later it broke out.

"Good for you, Stub!" cried a voice.

"We'll do it!" yelled another.

"Wow! Yow!" The class roared out its approval.

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At last one man, saner than the rest, shouted above the din:

"How would you have the senate work?"

"How?" Stub fired back, and his audience quieted to hear him. "I'd propose to elect from the class a senate of ten men who would make class rules, and enforce them, and who would mete out discipline to those who overstep the bounds of honor!"

"Mr. President! Mr. President!" Billy Hazen's arm waved for recognition. "Mr. President, I move we do what Mr. Barrows just said!"

Dutch Koppel pounded for order.

"Mr. President! Mr. President! I second the motion!"

Order was restored. Dutch Koppel drafted a proper motion. "Are there any remarks?" he asked.

"No! No! No! Put it!" was shouted from all parts of the room.

But an oldish-looking fellow arose. "Father Deans" they called him. "Mr.

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President," he said, "I'd like to say that this may be hasty action on the part of some of us. I may be in favor of the idea, but I think we ought to table Mr. Barrows's proposition for a week or so, to think it over."

"Cut it out!" "Dry up!" "Motion!" "Motion!"

"I've said my say," declared Father Deans, and he sat down.

"Mr. President!" It was a sonorous voice, and the eyes of 1912 turned upon the tow-headed, twinkle-eyed Sherry, "Maybe Mr. Father Deans is right. But I for one want to say that if we make a success of this honor system we'll win the Junior Cup, as sure as shooting! And we'll knock the spots out of those pusillanimous atoms, the unspeakable class of 1911! Mr. President, I demand the motion!"

"Yeouw!" cried the class, "Motion! Motion! Motion!"

"Fellows," it was Stub this time, "I want the motion, but Sherry is wrong!

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We don't want this honor system business for what it will bring us! We want it because it is right!"

"Sure!" cried Sherry. "You bet! That's—"

"Shut up!" bellowed Dutch Koppel. "You've all heard the motion. All in favor say aye!"

A mighty shout went up, and that night a petition from the freshman class was handed in to Prexy Harmsworth.

"It will be acted on at next Wednesday's faculty meeting, gentlemen," Prexy told the committee who waited upon him, "or at the latest during the special faculty meeting which is to be held one week from to-day."

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CHAPTER X

A SWORD IS DRAWN

"HUSTLE up, fellows! The train leaves in half an hour!" Velvet Jones, as manager of the football team was having his own troubles. "Don't be so slow, Bally."

At last the door of the bus banged. The team was on its way to play Merrifield University in Adamstown.

"When do we get there, Mr. Manager?" bawled the best athlete in college.

Velvet turned haughtily upon the speaker. "We leave in twenty minutes, on the New Haven, Colonel Butinsky, and we arrive in Adamstown in just three hours,—in time for supper. Anything more?"

"Ask him what his name is, Bally," snickered Billy Whittier, the big tackle.

But Bally made no reply.

It was Tuesday, three days after Pinkey

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Coatsworth's suspension. Eighteen men had been selected by Patsy Cahill and Canary Evans to make the journey to Adamstown. Stub was among them.

"Do you think you'll get a chance to play, Stub?" Sherry asked that morning.

"Maybe," Stub replied. "All the subs probably will; Merrifield ought to be easy. Why don't you come along, Sherry? It won't cost much, and we'll be back tomorrow night."

Sherry's face lighted. "I will! And I'll get Bill to go, too."

And so that evening, when the team settled down before a crackling fire in the big office of the Adamstown Inn, there were three freshmen in the crowd instead of one. Naturally, the three kept together, and they remained in a corner listening unobtrusively, to the wisdom of their elders. But their very unobtrusiveness at last attracted attention.

"Hey, you bunch of crib-sleepers," called Windy Riggs, a squat, good-

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natured sophomore from Virginia, "come on out where we can see if your eyes are open!"

The freshmen arose, and smilingly took the center of the room. The team laughed.

"By hang! Your eyes *are* open!" went on Windy. "Now, tell us, pretty freshmen, about this wondrous honor system of thine!"

The three shifted from one foot to the other.

"Easy there!" cautioned Canary. "This is the team, you know."

Windy faced his captain indignantly. "Aw, I'm only fooling," he protested.

The captain turned back to his newspaper.

"Come on, tell us." Windy turned to the two other sophomores on the team, Beef Wilcox and Bally Clay. "What do you think of old Stub here? He won't open up at all. You try him, Bally; you're a good prosecuting attorney."

But both Bally and Beef, to the surprise of every one, made no answer; instead,

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with heads down, they stared fixedly into the blazing fire on the hearth.

"Now, what's the matter with you fellows?" asked Windy. "I suppose *you've* got the pip; that's why I can't talk to *you!*"

Bally raised his head.

"You go on and talk to that freshman if you want to. I won't. Because if I did, I'd say something he mightn't like, and we're all on the team, and got to be decent to one another, and—"

"Aw, dry up!" broke in Windy. "Barrows is all right."

"Is he? Well, I know no rows go; but I don't have to speak to him if I don't want to; do I?"

Windy shrugged his shoulders, exclaiming, wearily, "What's the matter with you, Bally? By hang!"

Bally Clay snapped back his answer. "You can do as you please, but I don't speak to a man that peaches on his own classmate, and gets him suspended!"

It was a thunder-clap. Stub whirled

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upon his accuser. "I never did any such thing, Clay!"

Bally jumped to his feet. "Don't you tell me I lie, freshman! I'd like to know what you call it."

"Quit it, you fellows!" roared Patsy Cahill. "I'll throw yez both offen the team!"

Peace was thus restored.

"Great Scott! He makes me tired!" exclaimed Billy, when the three were in the room they were to share for the night.

"I'm going to lick him, or get licked by him before I'm through!" growled Sherry.

"I can tell you which it would be, then," put in Stub.

"All right," responded the tow-head, "but when he says that you squealed on poor old Pinkey! Why—"

"Forget it!" Stub answered. "The only thing I'm worried about is that the college thinks Pinkey lied to the Dean; I don't care about Clay. He doesn't mean all he says; does he, Billy?"

Billy looked serious. "I'm not so sure

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of that; but don't worry about Pinkey; 'most every one knows by this time about his afternoon in the Catacombs. Come on! We'd better go to bed. Here's that letter from old Bob Anderson."

Billy tossed a thick envelope to his chum. "What do you think of him, anyway?" he cried. "Back at Chatham as Physical Director, and Assistant to T. J.! Say, Sherry, I wish you could have known that fellow."

"Keep quiet, Bill, please," interrupted Stub; "let me read it." For a few moments his chums were silent, while he perused the letter from his old friend. "By George, Bill, think of it!" he exclaimed as he finished; "three of the Big Five back at school, and you and I here!"

"I thought you said all you Fivers—isn't that what you called 'em?—except one, left your school last year?" asked the inquisitive Sherry.

"We did; Bill and I came here. But Bob Anderson's just gone back; there're so many fellows there this year that T. J.

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needed some one to help him. Jerry Raymond is there taking a P. G. course. Harry Vane is the only one of the Big Five that's back there by rights. He's captain of the team. I hope he and Jerry will both come to Washington next year."

"Come on to bed, Stub. You may have to play to-morrow."

The game against Merrifield University, the next afternoon, was one of those mid-season affairs which formed part of the necessary preparation for the Coventry battle, scheduled for three weeks from the coming Saturday. The final score furnishes a sufficient story of how it was played. It was Washington 40—Merrifield 0.

Stub and the other substitutes all had a chance in it.

As soon as it was over and all were dressed, the men hurried to the depot, and caught the five o'clock flier for Hartville. When the journey began, they gathered in the rear of the observation car, at the end

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of the train, and for the space of a half hour or so sang songs and discussed their chances against Coventry.

"Just the same, I wish we played the game at home this year," commented Randolph, the stocky quarter.

"Aw, that won't make any difference, Randy," answered Windy Riggs with his soft Southern drawl. "If we can't lick 'em at Coventry, I don't guess we can at Washington. Anybody got a *Spectator* with 'em?"

Sandy MacDonald pulled from his pocket a copy of Washington's wonderful weekly newspaper. "I bought it just before I came away," he said.

Windy grabbed it. "What they got to say about the Yale game?"

"Read it out loud, Windy," called Billy Whittier.

Windy read a very long and full account of the team's excellent work against Yale. "Here's where you bow, Bally."

"It is the *Spectator's* opinion," read Windy, "that the open field tackle made

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by Clay in the first half, by which he prevented Yale from scoring, was the finest piece of work ever seen upon our athletic field."

"Bunk!" commented Bally, and pretended to go to sleep in his chair.

"Is that all there is, Windy?" asked Randolph.

Windy's eyes ran over several columns of the paper. "No. Here's something for you, Randy; it's poetry. Listen."

"Poetry? Let a freshman read it then. Sherry, get up on that chair. Give him the paper, Windy."

Sherry obeyed the commands of the quarter-back. The train was swaying considerably, but he managed to stand. Every one was interested and laughing. Sherry began:

THE QUARTER BACK
WITH
BALL ON HIS FOUR-YARD LINE.

I.

Rip 'em, tear 'em, throw 'em back!
Men, we'll put 'em on the rack!

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Each man on his toes! A double pass!
Say! A fake! They've got some class
Hid in 'em! Sandy! Fine tackle that!
And the ball is ours! Where are they at?

II.

Come! We'll buy their tickets home!
Hear 'em? That's a licked man's groan!
Line up! Four-nine-three! It's round your end!
Ah! We'll even tell 'em where to send
Nice tacklers. Think we can't hold your guards?
Great! Clay's punted fifty yards!

AQUINAS.

"Not so awful!" pronounced Randolph.

"Pretty awful!" objected Sandy. "I wonder who 'Aquinas' is?"

"Old Bush Hale, I'll bet."

"Naw."

"Sure."

"You're crazy!"

"Gentlemen, your dinner is ready in the diner." A white-vested, brass-buttoned, blue-coated conductor made the announcement. Instantly, the poetry was forgotten in the rush that ensued for the end of the car.

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Soon after dinner, the train pulled into the Hartville station. Stub, Billy, and Sherry hurried up to the college as fast as they could.

"By George, fellows," exclaimed Stub, earnestly, "I hope the faculty have decided to let us have the honor system!"

"Did Prexy say they'd settle it at to-day's meeting, sure?" inquired Sherry.

"It's decided all right by this time!" Stub replied. "Let's hustle to Dutch's room."

They reached the campus. A crowd of sophomores was gathered in front of the bulletin board. As the freshmen approached, they drew off to the side of the walk.

"Honor system!" "Aah!" "Aaah!!" they groaned.

"Fresh! Fresh!" "Oooh! Oooh!"

"Blabbers!"

The three hurried to their entry in Gerald, and rushed up the stairs to Koppel's room. It was filled with their classmates.

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"What's up?" Stub asked breathlessly. "Have you heard from the faculty?"

"No," replied Dutch.

Suddenly a wild cry burst from the sophomores on the walk.

Stub rushed to the window.

"Bally! Bally! What is this business?"

"Tell us!" cried 1911, and surrounded Clay completely.

The freshmen in Dutch's room listened. Bally's voice came to them clearly.

"That contemptible fresh pup!" His tones were strained. "I got mad the other night about his blamed honor system and told him I put the skeleton in Grunty's room and Dr. Dustwell has just informed me I'm suspended for four weeks!"

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CHAPTER XI

AN ALLIANCE

"The entire football season!" gasped Stub, as he staggered away from the window. "You fellows know I didn't blab!"

On the walk the sophomores' rage was rising.

"Let's get him!" snapped a voice, "and give him what he deserves!"

"You bet!" exclaimed another, "he's up in Koppel's room now!"

But Bally protested. "No, fellows, he's too low to even lick!"

The sophomores moved away. The freshmen left Dutch's room as quickly as they could.

"We'll stick to you, Stub!" they whispered.

But a stocky man whose black hair was shaved straight across the back of his neck, said to his companions as they hur-

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ried along the walk: "It's awfully hard luck for Barrows's honor system, and I suppose he didn't blab; but say, Campbell, have you stopped to consider that a thing like this might knock the class out of the Junior Cup? It's the class I'm thinking about!"

As for Stub, he was too stunned to realize what it all meant for him, or the class either. With only Billy, Sherry, and Dutch Koppel with him, he crossed the hall to his own room, where he threw himself on the divan and attempted to gather his thoughts.

On the walk, next morning, he was jeered and hissed by sophomores and even a few upper-classmen. His denials of the accusations were useless, for few there were who would believe him.

That noon, as he was on his way to dinner in Commons, Rafael Meshach Lang hobbled hurriedly up to him in front of Middlebury. The little man's face was drawn, and the pink spots in his cheeks were fiery.

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"Stub,—can—can I speak to you a minute?" he whimpered. Stub turned immediately.

"Hello, Raf!" said he. "Come along. What's on your mind?"

Lang stopped to gain his breath. "Won't you come back to the store?" he pleaded. "I'm not feeling very well."

"I was just going to dinner in Commons, Raf,—but—"

"Please come back!"

They faced about, and then went into Southam Towers, to the college store. Lang looked up tearfully at his friend.

"I guess—I guess I got to give it up, Stub! Dr. Harmsworth says the store's running 'way behind. The college has to have five per cent. on its investment, he says. I don't know! I'm so sick!"

He turned his red eyes beseechingly to his big classmate. "What'll I do? What'll I—"

Stub put his arm over the little man's shoulder. "Come," he whispered to him,

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"take a brace. Let's talk it over; maybe things aren't so bad after all."

But Lang only shook his head.

"I'd hoped to make some money—here—for mother. I don't care for my college course, but she needs money, Stub, for—for—" he covered his face with his hands—"for food, Stub! Food! That's the truth!" He gave way completely to his sobs.

"There, I know, Raf. Take a brace now," and Stub patted him on the back. "Things will turn. The store will make money." But the serious look on Stub's face belied his words.

"No; it can't. It can't!" the other sobbed. "Yesterday, after dinner I was cold, and went up to my room for my sweater. I don't know how it happened, but I went to sleep, and didn't wake up till supper time. Of course I didn't sell anything then! It's something like that every day, Stub. I've got to give it up; that's all. I've got to give it up."

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"Wait a second, now; there's some way out of this, Raf." Stub thought hard. A minute later his face lighted. "I have it!" he cried, so suddenly that the little feverish man was frightened. "I have it! I'll go partners with you! Then you can rest and get all right! I'll see Prexy Harmsworth right now! I don't want any pay, or any part of the profits. But not even Prexy needs to know that! As far as anybody's concerned, we'll be equal partners! Partners, Raf! Hey, brace up! 'Lang and Barrows, College Supplies!' How's that for a firm?" Stub's fist resounded loudly against his open palm.

Lang sat up in his chair.

"Would you?" he breathed, and then sank back smiling. "I'll get along better after this, I know."

"Fine! Let's get down to business then. What's your arrangement with Prexy?"

Lang arose, and his hands shook with

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excitement. "I've—I've got the contract here." He fumbled among the heaps of papers on his table.

Stub stopped him. "Never mind that; tell me—that'll do."

Raf looked up, and the granulated lids blinked. "The college puts in a stock of everything at the beginning of the term," he said; "I'm supposed to sell it all by Commencement, and give them five per cent. on what—on what they paid out in the first place. Anything I make over that is—mine. Only there isn't—"

"We'll be millionaires yet, Raf!" Stub interrupted. "How much have you made so far?"

"That's it," responded the other, as his face fell. "I—I haven't made anything —not even the five per cent."

"Pooh! You've been a little under the weather. We'll bring in the money now; you wait!" Stub walked to the door. "I'm going to see Prex! You wait here." He left the room, and Rafael Lang sank

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back again into his chair, his eyes shining with a new light.

"I'm glad you came, Mr. Barrows," said Prexy Harmsworth ten minutes later. He looked down at Stub from a height of six feet three inches, and stood with his two massive hands upon the small of his massive back.

"I guess Lang's had a pretty rough time of it. He probably needs a sort of work-horse to help him out." Prexy looked Stub over slowly from head to foot. "I think you'll do!" he concluded. He adjusted his glasses and grinned broadly. "Ever sell anything?"

"My furniture, last year at school, sir," replied Stub.

"Make a profit?"

"Four dollars!" Stub answered promptly.

Prexy sat down at his desk. "I'll make out a new contract on the strength of that!" he said with his soberest face; "Lang and Barrows, is it?"

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Stub bowed. "Lang and Barrows," he responded with much gravity.

Prexy stroked his wiry black mustache.

The news spread quickly. "Barrows is the limit!" declared more than one freshman. "I can't understand him. You'd think he'd had enough troubles and got us into enough, without taking on other people's!"

Bally Clay received the news as he was about to leave the Unicorn Club for the depot, to begin his four weeks' suspension.

"Sure!" said he, "that's just like him. His unadulterated nerve is—well, it's exceeded only by his lack of manhood! I hate a blabber worse than poison!" Bally set his teeth; his anger had not cooled. But his words reflected the opinion of ninety-odd per cent. of the sophomores, and many of the upper-classmen.

But the stocky Randolph gave him sound advice. "Forget it, Bally! Plug hard while you're away, and don't get behind in your studies!"

Bally smiled with an effort.

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"How long's it take to get to Winsted?" inquired Randolph.

"About an hour."

"Going to stay there all the time?"

"You bet, Randy. I'm going to be near enough to see the games, even if I can't play in 'em. Good-by, fellows. I'll be back in a month."

"Good-by!"

And the best man on the team was gone.

When Stub left Dr. Harmsworth, he stopped in Commons for a sandwich before he went to his room. His mind was in a whirl, but from the chaos gradually formed a definite resolution to make a success of his honor system now, in spite of everything and at all costs.

As he climbed his entry stairs, his lips tight with determination, he was brought back from his thoughts to more material things. The rough roar of a deep bass reverberated through the halls.

"Do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si-do-do-do!!! Do-si-la-sol-fa-mi-re-d-d-doh!"

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It came from his own room. He opened the door. Sprawled in the big desk chair, with legs apart, and cavernous mouth wide open, lay Lemuel Bushrod Hale. He straightened slowly. "Hello, freshman!" he bellowed. "Just thought I'd drop in. Was getting ready for a Sunday organ recital. How'd you like it? Thought you might need a little soft music. You seem to be making such a hit here!"

That broke the strain. "I do!" ejaculated Stub, and he fell into a chair.

"Do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si-do-d-do-oh-oh," began Old Bush again.

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CHAPTER XII

THE COLLEGE MOVES UPON COVENTRY

"SHERRY!" whispered Dutch Koppel, "tell all the fellows to sneak around back of the gym in half an hour. We'll have the meeting there."

Sherry nodded understandingly, and sauntered out from the Latin room to the walk as coolly as if nothing whatever were on his mind. Immediately he hunted out his classmates and delivered the message.

"Keep mum," he cautioned each, "and don't be late."

It was Saturday evening, three days after the Merrifield game. The team had played Essex Institute that afternoon, and won twenty to nothing.

During the game, a notice had appeared upon the Bulletin Board which read as follows:

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FRESHMAN-JUNIOR BANQUET RULES.

I. The Banquet shall be held on or before December 17th.

II. The Banquet must not be held beyond a radius of twenty-five miles from Hartville.

III. Freshmen may be captured by sophomores, and held in captivity by them.

(Signed) LIONEL PETER JONES, SEC'Y.

1910.

Dutch Koppel and Sherry had seen the notice right after supper, and had immediately retired to the privacy of the Latin room to consult.

"It's all right, Sherry," Dutch explained. "Canary Evans told me about the thing the other day at the House. Every year the freshmen give the juniors a banquet, and it's up to the sophomores to break it up. We've got to keep her a dark secret. Now's the time to act! We'll get the class together right off, before 1911 wakes up, and appoint a committee to run the thing."

Sherry was all excitement. "Do you suppose the sophomores will really try to capture us in order to bust it up?"

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"Sure they will!"

"Kidnap us?"

Dutch nodded sagely.

A half hour later nearly all of the freshmen had made their way to the rendezvous. They stood huddled together under the dark shadows of the gymnasium, and spoke in whispers.

"It's this way, fellows; we've got to put one over on 1911," explained Dutch under his breath. "We've got to fool 'em. Last year, the sophomores broke the banquet up. This year we mustn't let 'em. Now, fellows, I'm going to appoint a committee to take charge of the affair, and so that you won't bother 'em while they're at work, I won't tell their names. I, as your president, am about to announce the place of the banquet, and the date of it. But first you've got to hold up your right hands, and solemnly swear that you will not divulge what I tell you."

Every hand went up.

"Do you swear?" whispered Dutch.

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Every head went down. "We do," they murmured.

"Listen, then," Dutch scarcely breathed his words. "The banquet will be held in Farmingham Inn, on Monday night, at half-past eight, November twenty-second. Fellows, that's three weeks from day after to-morrow, and two days after the Coventry game. I went out to Farmingham yesterday and fixed it up. Don't forget the date. Don't breathe it to a soul! But each man must make his own way there independently. This is your only and last notice. We mustn't even talk it over among ourselves. The sophs will watch us from now on, but right after the Coventry game I don't think they'll be so much on the job! Look out, and everybody be there! We'd all better go back to college now by different ways!"

Dutch ceased speaking; the class melted into the darkness and started for the dormitories.

Dutch, Billy, Sherry, and Stub met at their entry in Gerald.

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"Come on in my room, fellows," invited Dutch, as they reached the second floor. Sherry and Billy complied. But Stub shook his head.

"Much obliged," he responded. "I played to-day, and even if it was only Essex, I'm tired. Besides, there may be something from the faculty." He went into his own room, and searched the top of his table for a possible letter. As he did so, a wild whoop came from across the hall.

"Stub! Oh, Stub! We've got it!" His door burst open. "The faculty have given it to us!!" Sherry and Billy were frantic. They leaped at him, and pounded him on the back. Dutch stood in the doorway, smiling. A note was in his hand. Stub broke away from the other two, and turned inquiringly to the heavy German.

"From the faculty?" he asked.

"Read it."

Stub seized the note.

"Out loud!" yelled Sherry.

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"My Dear Mr. Koppel,—I am pleased to inform you that the faculty to-day acted upon the petition of your class. We shall be glad to grant your request; in so far that we will permit you to conduct your own examinations, and inflict your own punishments upon offenders against the present examination rules. But we shall reserve the right to maintain all other forms of college discipline by our present methods. Be good enough to make known our decision to your class. Wishing you the best of success, I am

"Sincerely,

"Ira C. Dustwell,

"Dean."

The perspiration stood out on Stub's forehead.

"You dub! Isn't it great?" snorted Sherry.

"Yes," Stub answered.

"Then say so, why don't you?"

And Stub did. "Fellows," he concluded, "we've got to make good now. The autumn tests will be our first trial."

"Sure!" they all agreed. "And we'll show 'em what we can do!"

On the walk a few days later, a heavy-

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shouldered, round-faced person adjusted a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles to the bridge of his nose, and looking over them, addressed himself to a group of his classmates:—

"You fellows," he said, "I take it, are a bunch of gillies to pick on a fellow that's trying hard to do what's right for Washington! Just because old Bally Clay, who you all know has a head hotter than any stove you ever sat on,—just because Bally gets sore at him. You are treating him about as shabbily as you can, and I'll bet when Bally gets back, he'll tell you himself he was mistaken!"

Lemuel Bushrod Hale drew a deep breath, and pulled up his cuffs, so that they exposed a full four inches of hairy wrist. Then he went on:

"What's the matter with you? Do you want to lose that Junior Cup entirely by being a lot of sulking, silly dubs? The freshmen have got us licked so far, because we're narrow! Be broad, and maybe we can win the Cup that way!"

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Old Bush smiled into the faces of his auditors. "Cæsar's Ghost! Here's a chap that's helping a poor little squidge like Lang, who's sick every other day, and you hardly go into their store because of —you ought to be ashamed of yourselves!

"And that reminds me; do you fellows know what a squidge is? Well, you find 'em in the Kentucky mountains where I live. They're the quintessence of all the hard-luck stories you ever heard. They're frogs—with no legs!" Old Bush looked solemn. "Come on, fellows!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Let's be game and go into that store and buy something!"

His classmates roared: "We're with you, Bush!" and with the faintest wrinkle of a smile about his eyes and the corners of his mouth, Old Bush half led them, and half drove them into the college store.

That day the sales of Lang and Barrows were higher than they'd ever been before.

Soon after this, Pinkey Coatsworth returned to college. It did not take him

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long to announce that he had "peached" on himself, and that Stub had nothing at all to do with his suspension.

"Besides, he had the pluck to put through the honor system, didn't he?" demanded Pinkey fiercely. So the college at this time actually began to look with favor upon Stub and the freshman experiment.

The weeks slipped by, and Stub's quiet demeanor and the modest way in which he went about his business radically improved his standing in the college world.

By the middle of November, he was regularly at right half-back in every football game.

"Yez can't make the back-field such a fast one, Evans, with Clay gone," explained Patsy Cahill; "but they'll do."

"Yes," acquiesced Canary Evans, solemnly, "Barrows is green; but game. The rest are all right."

That was about the opinion of the college, too, and Stub was the gainer by it.

Excitement was now reaching white

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heat. Coventry had not been beaten the entire season; indeed, she had not even been scored against.

Washington, on the other hand, was whipped ten to five on November sixth by the strong Indian School. This defeat was expected, however. But on the following Saturday, the week before she was to play her big game, she only scored eighteen points against Winsted College, while that despised institution managed to roll up eight!

"The defense is weak!" The cry shot out from every side.

At last the eventful day arrived!

On Saturday morning, November twentieth, the college, five hundred strong, gathered upon the campus. A brass band awaited the signal from the Senior Parade Marshal before striking up. The marshal mounted the base of Bishop Darling's statue.

"Men of Washington!" he thundered, "we start in a few minutes! We've got to beat Coventry to-day! I ask you to

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sing and cheer for the old college this afternoon as you never did before! Don't waste your voices on the train. Wait until we're on the field at Coventry! But before we go, let's give three long Washingtons for the team! Are you ready, fellows?"

They were; for the cheer rang out mightily. Then the marshal signaled the band leader. The music crashed forth; and to the tune of "Glory to Old Washington," the march upon Coventry began.

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CHAPTER XIII

THE BIG GAME

"PLAY together, boys; that's all that counts. Remember you're fighting for the Old Gold and Blue—for Washington!"

The speaker was Long John Henderson, captain of the 1905 eleven. He stood in the dressing room of the Coventry gym, half a head above the biggest man on the squad. Patsy Cahill was at his elbow, lending emphasis to each word.

"Patsy's told you," continued Long John, "that Coventry has the greatest number of new-fangled attacks in the country. He saw 'em play the other day. Now listen. You've been weak on defense. Come here, you fellows, and hear what I'm saying. Windy, shut up." The team crowded closely about him. "Men, don't forget what you've learned: When on the defense, the second the ball's in

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play, rip through that line! Don't wait until you see where Coventry's play is going. It's a cinch that in order to get a fancy formation off, their line's got to hold at least a moment, and if you fellows smash that line, there won't be many formations of any kind that'll get very far. Remember they're strong on attack. Don't look and then smash, but *smash first* and look afterward! Keep on your toes, boys, and you'll win sure!" Long John took out his watch.

"It's one o'clock." He stepped to a window and looked out upon the field. "The west stand's nearly filled, Canary. By George! Coventry has a bunch of pretty girls with 'em, all right!"

Canary Evans stretched his neck above Long John's shoulder. "Sure!" he acquiesced. "I wonder where our fellows are."

"Don't get nervous. They'll be right along," Long John answered.

Canary turned back to his team-mates. All were in various stages of dressing.

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All laughed and guyed one another; many perhaps from a sheer over-charge of high spirits; but many, too, as a protection against "stage fright."

"Listen!" cried Windy Riggs suddenly. "That's our band!"

Instantly every mouth was hushed. The strains of "Glory to Old Washington" grew clearer and clearer.

"There they are!"

Every man jumped to the window.

In a diagonally opposite corner of the Coventry field, Washington College, preceded by the Governor's Guard Band, entered a gate. With flags flying, they crossed the end of the field, and marched to seats in the middle of the east stand.

"Maybe I wouldn't like to be with 'em!" breathed Windy.

"G'wan!" snapped Patsy Cahill. "Yez would loike to be everywhere at wonst."

The band ceased playing.

"A long Washington, fellows!" yelled Big Foot Martin who led the cheering. The college responded immediately.

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"Waw-shington! Waw-shington!! Waw-shington!!!
Rah-Rah-Rah-Rah-Rah-Rah-Rah—!
Washington!"

Across the field, in the west stand, Coventry arose. Her leader stood bareheaded in front of her, a small megaphone in his hand.

"The greeting song!" he roared. "Ready!" And all of Coventry sang lustily:—

"Farewell, Washingtona!
Washingtona, fare thee we-ell!
We now must beat thee,
Beat the foe we love so well!"

Then from the leader: "Now, the Hush!"

"Raay! Raay! Raay!
Hush-sh-ssh—ssh!
Boooom!! Aaaaah!!
Coventry! Coventry!! Coventry!!!"

A flutter of flaming red flags and much gloved hand-clapping was Coventry's feminine reward for this.

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Washington snapped out an answering war-cry, then sang "'Neath The Elms of Our Old Washington."

In the lull which followed, the raucous voices of hawkers rose shrilly. "Score card! Score card! Tells the name and position of every player! Score card!"

"I wish I had one," murmured Windy, in the gym.

"Come on, you fellers," ordered Patsy Cahill. "Take things aisy. We're goin' out in about three minutes. Here's a score card, Riggsy."

Windy took the proffered card and read as follows:

WASHINGTON	POSITION	COVENTRY
Evans (Capt.)	Left End	Warren
Whittier	Left Tackle	Miles
Jackson	Left Guard	Taylor
Gore	Center	Hall
Blair (or Wilcox)	Right Guard	Moore
Carter	Right Tackle	Davis
Riggs	Right End	Pratt
Randolph	Quarter-Back	Jordan (Capt.)
Foote	Left Half-Back	Greene
Hallowell	Right Half-Back	Nelson
MacDonald	Full-Back	Smith

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Referee, V. K. Leslie, West Point.—Umpire, D. H. Cady, Yale.

Field Judge, C. K. Turner, Brown.—Head Linesman, T. P. Cobb, Bowdoin.

"All ready, boys!" yelled Canary. He opened the gym door, and the team trotted out.

"Rrrrrrray! Rrrrrrray!!" Washington was on her feet, arms waving, frantic with joy at sight of her heroes.

The team ran swiftly through a few signals at the north end of the field, and then retired to the side-lines just as Coventry roared out a welcome to her own warriors.

It was a sunny fall day, and the blankets which the team were forced to throw across their shoulders were oppressive. Canary Evans walked among his men. Twenty-three determined faces greeted him. He called to one side the big freshman member of the squad.

"I forgot to tell you, Stub," he whispered, "Patsy wanted your name left off the score card on purpose. I guess Cov-

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entry saw your game against Winsted last week."

"Then you're going to play me?" Stub asked in a low voice.

"Later. It's just as we talked last night."

Coventry ended her signal practice. It had been snappy, and its finish brought forth a round of cheers from her adherents.

Canary Evans and Jordan, the Coventry captain, walked slowly to the center of the field. There was not a sound to be heard from either stand, save an occasional cry of "Score card!" A coin was flipped in the air.

"Heads!" cried Canary.

The coin sparkled and returned to earth. Heads it was. Canary chose to defend the north goal, for a slight wind would be at his back.

The teams spread out upon the field. The referee blew his whistle.

Miles, a rangy, powerful athlete, booted the ball for Coventry far down into Washington's territory. The game was on.

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Carter caught the oval on Washington's ten-yard line, but was hurled to earth by Pratt before he had taken two strides. A gloating yell broke out from the west stand.

"Thirteen-four-sixty three!" called Randolph.

Sandy MacDonald dropped back for a kick. It was a fake. Hallowell ploughed through Coventry's tackle and guard for eight yards. A shift was ordered, but the big Miles jumped through, and smashed it to atoms before the play was fairly started. Then Sandy kicked. It was a low, spinning spiral. Windy Riggs and Canary Evans went down under it like a pair of hungry grayhounds. Smith, the Coventry full-back, was stretched out on his own fifty-yard line before he realized the ball was his.

At this point little Captain Jordan set off his first bag of explosives. It began with a swift, vicious attack on right tackle. Ten yards gain resulted. Next, he shot Greene around Windy Riggs, for twelve more. Then he jammed Smith through

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Billy Whittier for six yards, and the ball was on Washington's thirty-yard line!

Coventry's cheers were deafening.

"Rip into 'em, fellows!" called Canary.

"Hold 'em!" cried the Washington stand.

Jordan signaled. The yellow leather flashed back from center. But the giant Jimmy Gore broke through this time, and crashed the Coventry captain to the ground for a five-yard loss.

Washington went wild.

"That's it, fellows!" shouted Canary. "Pile into 'em!"

Again Coventry attacked; but this time she made her distance. It was a fake kick, and a dive through right guard and tackle.

"Hold 'em! Hold 'em!!" thundered Washington.

Another plunge by Coventry, and at last Washington's defense came to her own! The monster man, Tommy Carter, held like a rock. Coventry fumbled, and Windy Riggs was on the ball instantly.

"Wow! Wow! Wow!"

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Randolph kicked out of danger. The see-sawing began again. Coventry undoubtedly was gaining the greater number of yards; but the jumping, tearing defense of Washington was successfully meeting crucial moments. The first half found the goal lines of both teams uncrossed.

"Thought our defense was weak!" bawled Sherry between the halves as he accompanied his remark with a crack upon Billy Hazen's back. "Wow! What do you think of it, though?"

Billy gritted his teeth. "Great!" he declared, with eyes fixed upon the field. "I tell you why it is, too, Sherry. It's because Patsy Cahill taught 'em first principles early in the season; falling on the ball, tackling low and sure, and getting every man into every play. That's the way old T. J. Meadows at Chatham taught it to us! A team'll come slow, but look out for 'em at the end of the season! Oh, Sherry! I wish I hadn't promised not to play this year!"

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Sherry gave his friend a quick glance. "Could you have made the team, Bill?"

Billy's eyes were starey. "Probably not; but Sherry, I do love the game!"

"I know," replied Sherry sympathetically. "Wait till next year, old man. Do you suppose Stub will get in this half?"

Bill nodded, and sprang up; both stands rose to their feet.

"Rrrrrrray! Rrrrrrray!"

The players were on the field once more.

The first part of the second half was very like what had gone before. The ripping defense of Washington, staved off defeat. Coventry would carry the ball into Washington territory. The Old Gold and Blue line would fight like madmen, until Coventry was forced to kick. Back the oval would come from the toe of a Washingtonian. Washington was saving itself; but not winning!

In the middle of the half, both colleges arose in their stands and cheered their respective teams to the skies.

Suddenly the east stand quieted. All

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eyes fell upon the big freshman member of the team, who now tore off his sweater.

"Fellows!" roared Big Foot Martin. "A Hippity, with a Barrows!!"

As one man they answered him:

"Hippity! Hippity! Hippity Hop!!
Don't you stop! Don't you stop!
Barrows! Barrows! Barrows!

At least, Stub's football playing during the last weeks had won the college's admiration. That yell was sweet music to the lad's ears. He dropped his sweater to the ground and rushed to his team-mates on the field.

The ball was in Washington's possession, on her own five-yard line. Stub jumped into Hallowell's place at right half.

"Three-four-eighty two!" yelled Randolph. Stub shot into the line like a giant firecracker. Over went the mighty Miles; down fell the burly Greene. Stub plunged forward. Hard and low he ran; and was downed only after he had netted a clear gain of eighteen yards.

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This was something like it!

"Barrows! Barrows! Barrows!" thundered his college-mates.

Randolph barked a signal.

Instantly Stub dived again. He was like a human piledriver; he tore through the opposite tackle, this time for twelve yards.

Randolph then ordered a shift. Dodging, plunging, and using a straight arm, Stub shook clear of his interference and ripped off twenty yards more; this time around Coventry's left end.

The red team were shaken to their marrows.

"Thirty-six-fourteen-four!!" bawled Randolph.

The teams were in the center of the field.

"Hippity! Hippity! Hippity Hop!
Don't you stop! Don't you stop!
Barrows! Barrows! Barrows!
Touchdown! Touchdown!! Touchdown!!!"

shrieked Washington.

"Hold 'em! Hold 'em!" cried Coventry.

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Randolph still believed in his battering ram. Stub lunged at tackle; but the red team was desperate. Pratt, the right end, and Miles broke through. Like a pair of animals they leaped upon him. Stub fell behind his own line. The ball flew from his grasp; Pratt pounced on it.

The Coventry crowd were crazed. Their team punted. Washington returned it. The struggle began again.

At last, the ball once more found the center of the field, with Coventry its possessor. The game neared its end.

Captain Jordan uncorked a brand new kind of explosive. Thus far, he had ordered practically nothing but old-fashioned football. He had dared no plays which might cause disaster. But now the time was short; he must risk to win.

He jumped back five yards behind his line. The ball came squarely to him. For a moment only he hesitated; then hurled it with unerring aim far out on right end. Pratt, the lithe, caught it, dodged his opponent's entire left wing,

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and ran like a scared jack-rabbit toward the Washington goal. Upon the fifteen-yard line, Sandy MacDonald brought him to earth. It was a beautiful run and a beautiful tackle.

The cheers of the Coventry contingent could be heard a half mile away. Washington pluckily roared out her long "Wawshington!" with a "MacDonald" on the end of it.

"Touchdown! Touchdown! Touchdown!" yelled Coventry.

Little Jordan snapped out another jargon of numbers. Again he dropped back five yards. A hush was upon the entire field. The ball came to him a perfect pass. Again he hesitated momentarily, and then hurled it from him; this time to Warren at left end.

It flew straight across the scrimmage line, ten feet above the ground. A mighty shout went up; but it came from Washington now; a big man had leaped high in the air and caught it. It was Stub. Down the field he bolted.

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"Wow! Wow! Wow! Barrows!! OH! OH!"

Ten yards! twenty! thirty!!

Hats went high in the air.

"Wow! Wow! Wow! Go you, Stub! Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!"

The entire team of Coventry was hot upon his heels.

Stub set his teeth. His nostrils dilated. He'd played hard. Could he make the distance? The slim goal posts drew nearer—nearer. His temples pounded. White line after white line flashed by. Behind him, he heard the patter of the pursuit. It was louder with every stride.

Ten yards to go! Five!!

He felt himself falter. With one last mighty effort, he lunged forward. Then the shock of the tackle, and he knew no more!

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CHAPTER XIV

SHERRY WAXES MYSTERIOUS

In the Coventry gym, Stub opened his eyes. Sherry, Billy, Old Bush, and Canary Evans stood around the cot on which he lay. Across the room was little Lang, bareheaded, arms filled with blankets and sweaters, and anxiously endeavoring to anticipate Patsy Cahill's slightest commands. Stub rolled over, and smiled faintly.

"Did—did I—make it, Canary?"

The big captain answered him softly: "Within a yard of it, old man. He just got you, and we shoved her over on the next down. You won the game, though, son! How do you feel?"

"All right," murmured Stub. "Did we kick the goal?"

"No," said Canary.

Stub closed his eyes again.

Through the open window came the de-

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lirious chanting of his college-mates, as they danced the snake dance around the athletic field. A moment later, there was silence; and then, the full deep chorus of all Washington burst into " 'Neath the Elms of Our Old Washington." Verse after verse they sang, and nearer and nearer sounded the voices. Canary and Sherry jumped to the window.

"They're right out here!" cried the latter.

Once more Stub opened his eyes. "I'm going to sit up, Bill. I'm all right now."

Billy put his hand at his friend's back, and helped him to rise.

Under the window the chorus sang:

" 'Neath the elms of our old Washington,
'Neath the elms of our old Washington,
We're together to-day, and to-morrow away
'Neath the elms of our old Washington!"

The song stopped.

"All together, fellows!" a hoarse voice cried.

As one man, the college shouted her tribute to a hero.

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"Hippity! Hippity! Hippity Hop!
He *never* stopped! He *never* stopped!
Barrows! Barrows!! Barrows!!!"

Stub looked dazedly at first one of his friends, and then at another. His face flushed.

"Why—why—" he stammered, "they are—they're calling me!"

Canary Evans sprang to him. His strong arms grasped the freshman's shoulders.

"Lie down, Stub, old man. They're not calling you; they're cheering you! You played a great game!" He bore Stub slowly back upon the cot.

A little later Dr. Crosby examined him. "Just a good hard bump," he pronounced with a smile. And every one drew a breath of relief.

The doctor was right, too; Stub soon fell into a deep sleep, and after an hour awoke, feeling splendidly, save for some soreness over his right temple.

Old Bush, Sherry, and Billy then lifted

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him, despite his protests, into an automobile, to make the trip to the station.

Stub looked around him happily. "Where's Raf Lang?" he asked. And Raf, crimson with joy, hobbled out of the gym doorway, and into the machine.

"I'll go with you, too," yelled a voice. It was Canary Evans, and then indeed, the under-classmen's cup of cheer was filled to overflowing.

"Cut her wide open, Mr. Chauffeur," ordered Sherry, who, because of this command it must not necessarily be concluded was the paying host of the party; "cut her open! We've just time to make the train."

The big Pierce leaped ahead.

"Stub," drawled Old Bush, as he clung to his hat, and after they had gone about a quarter of a mile, "Stub, 'way down home in the Kentucky mountains, my Uncle William had a bull. At least, a bull pastured in his lot, and Stubby, that bull was so tough that I said to Uncle William one

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day: 'Uncle Bill, I'll bet Percival'—Percival was my pet name for the animal—'I'll bet Percival is so tough that he could jam head on into that threshing machine by the barn and never hurt himself!'

"Now, Uncle William was a game old gentleman; so says he: 'Lemuel, if you think he's got such a tough head, you just sit in that threshing machine, with a red shirt hanging over the big wheel and wait for him to butt. After I let him loose he won't be long a-coming. If he doesn't break his head, I'll buy you a suit of clothes; but if he does, you buy me one.' "

Old Bush paused and glanced at his auditors from the wrinkled corner of his eyes. "Fellows," he drawled, "said I: 'Uncle Billy, I'll go you.' The old gentleman rubbed his bald head a minute. 'It's Parson Davis's bull anyway,' said he, 'till I make next payment.'

"Well, boys, the butting came off next day; and to make a long story short, Percival smashed that old machine to smithereens the first whack, snorted a

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couple of times, and then fell to eating grass."

Old Bush rubbed his chin and looked out upon the flying landscape.

"Did you get the suit, Bush?" asked Sherry, quickly.

"I'm wearing it now," answered the yarner, "and that's the point. When it was over, I promised Uncle Billy I'd give him a chance to get his money back. Yes, sir, I told him I'd hunt the whole world over until I could find something that, when Percival butted it, there'd be no need of further payments to Parson Davis."

Old Bush adjusted his spectacles to the middle of his nose.

"Fellows," he concluded impressively, "after the way our right half-back hit the ground to-day, and lived through it, I'm going to send my old friend Stub right down to Kentucky, to win that suit of clothes for Uncle Billy!"

The chauffeur nearly collided with a telegraph pole as Old Bush finished, and then brought the machine up before the

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depot just in time to catch the Hartville train.

That night, the campus was ablaze with bonfires, and the singing, cheering and dancing kept up until the wee small hours. The leader of it all was Mr. Ballantrae Clay. Bally was not due in college for four days, but he had gone to the game, and the temptation to return to the campus for the celebration was too great to resist. He planned to hurry back to Winsted early next morning, and if he were lucky, none of the faculty would be the wiser.

Stub saw none of the fun that night, for he went directly to bed, and Canary Evans put a guard outside his door, with orders that no one be permitted to disturb him. Therefore, he was the only member of the victorious eleven who was not forced to mount the base of old Bishop Darling's statue and, in the glare of the fires, make a speech to as wildly enthusiastic an audience as ever man addressed.

The next morning brought a typical New England change of weather. The ground

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was covered with a thick layer of snow, and the air was filled with the fleecy flakes.

About seven-thirty Canary Evans came out upon the veranda of the Saint George Tavern, shovel in hand.

"Didn't you get enough exercise yesterday?" cried an early-rising sophomore from the breakfast table.

Canary laughed. "Still a freshman, eh!"

Canary closed the door behind him, and soon the muffled scrape of his snow shovel sounded in the snowy stillness.

He had been at work but a short time, when he noticed a familiar, lithe figure running swiftly across lots, toward the Unicorn Club. He whistled softly. The figure stopped, and turned.

"Come here," invited Canary.

The man came toward him, the while he looked cautiously over his shoulder, as if he feared that some one might see him.

"I'm glad I saw you, Bally. We'll go in the house."

They went directly up to Canary's room.

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"Bally, old man," went on the football captain, "you've got to go over to college and square up with Barrows."

"That freshman?"

"Yes, that freshman, Bally. I don't believe he ever peached on you, and he's a good fellow."

Bally Clay's face flushed darkly. "Somebody squealed, Canary. Who did then, if it wasn't Barrows?"

"I can't answer that, Bally, but I'll stake my life that he didn't. Now you go on over there, and give him your hand. Look what he did yesterday! Let by-gones be by-gones, and don't be a grouch!"

Bally's eyes dropped before his captain's. "I can't go over there; somebody would see me. It's late."

Canary put his arm on the other's shoulder. "You go on back there, and be a man." His tone was authoritative. "Do as I tell you."

Bally raised his head. He had been accustomed to obey Canary Evans.

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"I'll do it for you, if that's what you want," he answered.

Thus it happened that as Stub and Billy were about to leave their room that morning, they found themselves face to face in their doorway with Bally Clay. Stub stepped back involuntarily.

"I've come to square up with you," said Clay surlily. "I don't know who peached on me. Somebody did, that's a cinch, and if you say you didn't, I suppose I'll have to believe you."

Stub was thunderstruck. For a moment he didn't know what to do. Then the best in him conquered, and he thrust out his hand.

"There's my hand, Clay," he answered.

Bally turned red, and purple. "I don't want your hand, Barrows," he said.

At this, Billy Hazen slammed his hat to the floor, and stamped into his bedroom. Bally went down the stairs without another word, and started back to Winsted.

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That afternoon, a few of the freshmen gathered in Stub's room.

"Don't say a word about that Clay business, Bill." And Billy promised that he wouldn't.

Enthusiasm among the 1912 men was very high.

"Isn't that old Stub great, fellows?" cried Sherry, as he administered a crack upon Stub's back.

Stub hunched up and laughed. "Hey! Quit it!" he protested.

"And can't he run?"

"And to think he used to be a fat man, boys!" broke in Billy.

"Fellows," bawled Sherry, "Stub's won! You know that? The honor system is a success sure now! And the Junior Cup! Yeouw! It's ours!"

"Wait," Stub interrupted. "We haven't won until the autumn tests are over, Sherry. They'll be along in a few days."

Dutch Koppel and Pinkey Coatsworth nodded sagely.

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Sherry continued: "We've got the sophomores licked all right. Cut the grouch, Pinkey. But now let's get down to real business! There's only the six of us here." Sherry lowered his voice a trifle. "We're not supposed to talk about it, I know, but have you fellows all figured out ways to get out to the junior banquet to-morrow night without being nabbed by the sophs?"

"Ssh, Sherry!" cautioned Dutch Koppel. "Not so loud!"

"Well, Dutch, has the committee arranged everything all right?" went on Sherry belligerently.

"It's working out just as I thought it would," responded Dutch. "Everybody's crazy on the game. Nobody's paid any attention to the banquet. Nineteen Eleven had better get up a little earlier in the morning!" Dutch smiled in a superior manner.

"What's the matter, Lang?" broke in Sherry. "Cold?"

The little man was huddled in a corner

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shivering. "I—I was thinking of the tests," he answered. "But I guess I—I *am* cold."

Sherry crossed the room and closed the half-open window. Then he whirled about.

"I tell you what, fellows! I've got a scheme to get out to that banquet without being captured if the whole world should know the date and place of feeding! But I guess I won't tell what it is! Raf Lang and I are going to work it together; aren't we, Raf?"

"Y—yes," stammered the surprised Raf.

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CHAPTER XV

THE JUNIOR BANQUET

"ANYBODY got a dress-suit case?"

"Windy Riggs has one, Sherry. Go ask him."

"Oh, Windy! Got a suit case you can lend me for a couple of days? I'm going away, and I'd like to borrow one."

Windy was in Canary Evans' room on the second floor of the Saint George Tavern. He came out into the hall, and stood at the head of the stairs. It was breakfast time on Monday morning.

"What you want it for, Sherry?"

"Just want to borrow it," explained Sherry innocently.

Windy was unsuspicious.

"By hang!" he declared, "you freshmen are a nuisance! Wait a second." A moment or two later he tossed the suit case down the stairs. "Don't forget to bring it back!"

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Sherry caught it, roared out his thanks, and within ten minutes was marching down Madison Street, supporting the limping Lang with one hand, while he carried Windy's suit case with the other.

"Limp a little harder, Raf, old sport," he whispered, "and lean on me all you can! Most of the fellows know you're sick, and when they see me helping you, Raf, they'll think I'm taking you home. Besides you are sick as a dog, Raf, aren't you?"

"I—I am, Sherry," whimpered Lang. "I wish I weren't."

"It's too bad, old man, but can't you stand it a little longer?"

Raf nodded.

"And say, to think that we borrowed a sophomore's own dress-suit case to take in the freshman-junior banquet! It's like grabbing gum from a kid! We'll make a day of it and have a fine time at that old Farmingham Inn!" Sherry's laugh rang clear in the snowy morning atmosphere.

They boarded a trolley car.

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"We change downtown, at Bedford Avenue, Raf, for the Farmingham car."

"Do you?" asked a voice at his back. Sherry whirled about instantly, and faced the sophomoric leer of Mr. Beef Wilcox.

"Come on, freshmen; the game's up," announced Beef. "Adonis and I—" he jerked his head toward a slim, immaculately dressed classmate—"Adonis and I followed you, and I guess we overheard you, Sherry; didn't we, Adonis?"

Adonis Cleves bowed gravely.

"Stop at the next corner, conductor!" commanded Beef.

The car at a standstill, the two sophomores led the humiliated Sherry, and his frightened companion down a narrow street to a little hotel named the Boar's Head, a relic of Hartville's Colonial days.

"We've got a room for you in here, freshmen, where I think you can make yourselves comfortable until to-morrow morning," said Beef.

He led them to a small room on the second floor. As the door closed them in,

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and the key turned on the outside, Sherry looked about him. The furnishings were sparse. They consisted only of two straight chairs, a wash-stand, and a double bed. On the bed was a thin mattress which rested over some old-fashioned slats.

Sherry noticed that the window had been very recently fitted with heavy iron bars.

"I've got it!" announced he, sorrowfully, after a long pause. "Beef didn't just happen to follow us. That window in Stub's room yesterday was open when we were talking about the banquet. Some of 'em must have been outside and heard us. This cell has been ready and waiting a long time! It's awful, Raf; they'll bust up the banquet sure!"

Raf Lang sniffled.

Late in the afternoon he lay down, and shivered and shook. They had been all day without food; and the room was cold.

"You ought to go home, Raf, really," said Sherry, much worried. "I'll break out of this, and explain things."

But Lang wouldn't listen to it. "I'll be

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all right; I'm used to these—these chills and fever. As soon as they go away, I —I forget 'em. I lost my hat at the game, helping Stub. I guess maybe that made me worse. But I don't have to worry any more—about money; so I'm all right. Stub's making the store pay."

Sherry dropped the subject and fell to thinking. Suddenly he jumped up. "Get off that bed, Raf! We've got to get out of here; and after all, I don't believe I could break the door down if I tried."

Lang arose to his feet, and watched the other. Sherry stripped the bed quickly, removed all the slats except one at each end, put the mattress carefully back in place again, and made up the bed.

"There!" he whispered. "She'll stay as long as we don't touch her. Somebody'll be in pretty soon to see that we haven't skipped. When they come, you keep your seat in that chair in the corner; you're sick. Leave the rest to me."

Sherry placed the unoccupied chair by

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the side of the bed. He had hardly done so when the door-key turned, and in walked Adonis Cleves, key in hand.

"Let a fellow out, will you, Adonis, please?" grinned Sherry, and he backed that worthy toward the bed.

"What do you take me for, freshman? Do you—"

Instantly Sherry lowered his tow-head, and butted Adonis squarely in the stomach.

Over went the sophomore onto the bed, and through to the floor. The door-key flew across the room; Sherry yanked the mattress from under his victim, and jammed it down upon his face.

"The key, Raf!" he shouted.

Lang already had it, and in another minute, the astonished and irate Adonis was a prisoner in the freshman cell.

It was eight o'clock, dark and cold. The Farmingham Inn was ablaze with light. In the parlors were crowded a hundred and odd excited freshmen and their

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junior guests. Upon the broad veranda stalked a dozen of the huskiest men of 1912. These were the guards. Close by them were piled large pyramids of well-made snow balls.

Stub Barrows and Dutch Koppel, heavily sweatered, stood at the front door.

"Here they come!" warned Dutch. "Paste 'em! Then pile into 'em!"

Honk! Honk!

Five huge automobiles swept around a turn in the road, and made straight for the veranda.

Ninteen eleven shrieked victoriously, and leaped from the machines.

"Paste 'em!" thundered Dutch.

A volley of snow balls stopped the sophomore advance.

"Nineteen twelve all out!" shrieked the freshman guards.

The doors of the Inn flew open. The stream of light seemed to blind the attackers. The freshmen fell upon them.

Snow balls were quickly discarded; the two classes came together.

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Beef Wilcox jumped upon Stub; and both rolled over in the snow.

"Guard the door, 1912! Keep 'em out!" cried Dutch Koppel.

Ten freshmen broke from their antagonists, and darted back to the door. They were just in time, for the sophomores were on them instantly.

Back and forth in front of the Inn the battle swayed. The sophomore attack slowly concentrated upon the men at the front door.

Suddenly, Dutch Koppel and Stub dived head foremost into their center. Twenty freshmen followed; 1911 gave ground.

"We've got 'em, boys!" yelled Dutch.

Freshmen and sophomores fought desperately. Little by little 1912 forced their enemy away from the door and drove them back into the road. Numbers and a waiting banquet were on the freshman side. 1911 was crushed to earth, three freshmen atop of each sophomore fighter.

"Into the house, fellows, quick!"

The freshmen jumped from their ene-

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mies and stampeded for the Inn. "You'll get it worse, you fellows, if you try again," warned Dutch from the doorway.

Evidently 1911 believed him, for they retired down the road to take stock of losses and for a council of war.

"Aw, I'm going home," declared a badly battered warrior, after much time had been consumed in deliberations. That started it. The majority immediately returned to their automobiles, and a little later left for Hartville.

However, one sturdy pair refused to desert.

"We'll fix 'em yet!" declared Windy Riggs, whose feathers had been badly ruffled by the manipulations of a tow-headed freshman that morning; and Sandy MacDonald announced that he was with him "till the death." At once the two hurried to the back yard of the Inn near the kitchen.

"We'll climb up to the roof," whispered Windy, "and put a board on top of that

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chimney. That'll drive the smoke down onto their grub, and—" Windy paused to chuckle, "and say, their dinner will then be what is commonly known as *'nix cum bumpus est!'* "

Now it happened that about ten minutes before this, one James Sherrill and a shivering companion, were peering anxiously ahead down the track, from the front seat of a trolley car on its way to Farmingham.

"Duck!" ordered the former, suddenly, as the car's searchlight disclosed the approach of the returning sophomore-laden automobiles.

His companion crouched to the bottom of the car. The automobiles whizzed by, and Sherry jumped to his feet again.

"Come on, Raf; we'd better get off," said he. "I don't know where those fellows are going. We'd better approach yon Inn by a circuitous route, lest our enemies smite us upon the very threshold."

Thus it was that just as Mr. Windy Riggs and Mr. Sandy MacDonald had suc-

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ceeded in placing a heavy board upon the top of the kitchen chimney, Sherry and Raf Lang peered round the corner of the Farmington Inn barn to ascertain if it were safe to dash into the banquet hall.

"Ooo! look!" gurgled the tow-head, as he discovered the 1911 men on the roof. "What do you think of that!" His eyes then fell upon nearer things, and suddenly lighted upon a small stream of water which slowly trickled from under the barn door beside him.

"To keep it from freezing!" he whispered instantly. "Allah be praised!" and he rushed upon it.

The stream issued from a long black hose whose nozzle lay in the yard and whose other end was fastened to a fire hydrant inside the stable. The water had been turned on for the night *to keep it from freezing.*

Was there ever such freshman luck?

Inside the Inn, the banquet progressed

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quickly. Billy Hazen was in the toast-master's chair.

Soup and fish courses disappeared with lightning rapidity.

"Hey, Bill, let's have a song!" cried a voice from the end of the table.

"Wait till you've had something to eat, you dummy!" bawled an objector.

"Well, let's have some speeches, then," the first retorted. "This is slower than mud."

The head-waiter at this moment stepped to Billy's shoulder, and whispered to him.

Bill arose. "If you fellows at the other end," he began, "will kindly tie a knot in your tongues, the toast-master would a few words tell thee."

" 'Raay! Bill!"

"The supper is delayed, gentlemen—"

"Oh—ooh!" groaned the gentlemen.

"The wind is north by east by sou'west, and the stove won't draw!" continued Bill. "Howsomever, if all you medal-winning feeders will attune yourselves to the emergency—hum—ah—"

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"Whistle it, Bill!" cried Pinkey Coatsworth.

"I'll set it to music, how'll that suit you? If you fellows will tune your thoughts to loftier themes, the beef will be before you in a minute."

The banqueters shouted.

"In the meantime, gentlemen—we'll have the evening's prize toast."

"Butter it, please!" broke in Pinkey. "I'm hungry."

"I call on Mr. Joseph Scott Clarkson," proceeded Bill, undisturbed, "of the noble class of 1910. Mr. Clarkson!"

"Aaay! Aaay! Aaay!"

California Joe arose and after a few prefatory and complimentary remarks, said: "You've got a fellow among you, freshmen, that's a good football player, —Mr. Stub Barrows!"

"You bet!" yelled the crowd.

"Well, I want to say that I'm in favor of him and his class!" More cheers. "I'm in favor of his honor system, too, for I think this college should ostracize a

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fellow who cheats!" Again the freshmen cheered.

California Joe went on, but soon concluded a speech which 1912 thought was pretty fine, though somewhat short.

As he finished, the room echoed with cries of "Barrows! Barrows! Barrows!" "The honor system!" "Give us a talk on it, Stub!"

"I call on Mr. Barrows!" shouted Billy above the din.

Stub arose, much flustered.

"I—I can't say much, fellows. I—I thank you for asking me to speak. All I —ask for—for the honor system—is that the college withhold its judgment on it until it has demonstrated itself either a success or a failure! The autumn tests will be held any day, now. After—after they are over, I hope you will all be able still to say that you favor the honor system. I—I thank you."

Stub was about to resume his seat when the kitchen door flew open. A white-aproned, white-capped chef rushed in, his

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face livid. A cloud of thick black smoke followed him.

"De dinner is ruined yet!" he shouted. "Ach! Ach! Louis!"

The banqueters jumped to their feet. The smoke poured into the room.

"What is it?" cried every one.

"Fire?"

"NO! SOPHOMORES!"

"Down with 'em!"

Immediately all rushed for the doors; and, guided by frantic yells, swept round to the back yard by the stable. There they stopped stock still; for Sherry and his fire hose were working!

"Yeouw! Quit it! Wait till we get you! Oh! Oh! You blamed freshmen! Quit it!" The cries came from the two men on the roof of the Inn.

"What for?" bawled Sherry; and he was without mercy, for he plied a strong stream of cold water upon the faces, necks, and bodies of Sandy MacDonald and Windy Riggs.

"Give us a chance!" shrieked that

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luckless pair, and wildly endeavored to make a hasty retreat from their perch beside the chimney top. "Quit it!"

But the cold stream never left them.

"Take that board off the chimney top, you dog of the pale-faces!" roared Sherry. His stream struck Windy in the mouth. "Take it off, and hurry up about it!"

Windy obeyed hastily. "Let up!" he begged.

"Not on your life!" thundered the tow-head, and he didn't until the two shivering sophomores had reached the ground, and through a line of jeering men, escaped from the hose's range, much wiser, and very, very much wetter.

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CHAPTER XVI

SKY PARLOR IN SOUTHAM TOWERS

"PHEW!" whistled Pinkey Coatsworth the next afternoon as he stood before the bulletin board, "Dr. Valentine's Autumn Tests in Higher Algebra! For to-morrow at ten o'clock! Uncle Willie has to do some plugging between now and then; that's a sure thing!" He turned away from the board, and looked down into the worried face of Rafael Lang. "What's the matter, Langey! Does it scare you?"

Lang tried to force a smile. "No," he answered, with a shake of his head. But the pink spots in his cheeks were very deep; and his granulated lids and the red knuckles of his hands twitched nervously.

Later in the day Stub saw him in the college store.

"You feel pretty sick; don't you, Raf? You'd better not try those exams to-mor-

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row. Tell old Vally about it; he'll be all right."

Lang turned up his eyes to his friend.

"I've got to try 'em, Stub. Oh, I couldn't—I couldn't get behind! I'd never catch up again. I'm well enough. Honest I am. But what—oh, what would happen if I didn't pass?"

Stub was worried. "Promise me, Raf," he said, "that if you don't feel any better to-morrow you won't try to take 'em?"

"I'll be all right."

"Promise me?"

"Y—yes," the little man answered.

Lang hobbled out of the store, and climbed wearily to his room on the top floor of Southam Towers. A half-hour afterward, Stub went to his own room to run over the past fall's work in higher algebra.

And right here this chronicle might have ended had it not been that Raf Lang lost his hat while helping Stub after the Coventry Game, and had it not been that Sherry discovered the fire hose at the

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junior banquet. For while beyond any doubt fever had been in the little cripple for months, still it is very questionable if his serious illness would have been brought on so quickly had it not been for the exposure while hatless at Coventry, and while wet from Sherry's hose at Farmingham.

On the day before the autumn tests, Raf himself did not realize how much worse he actually was; nor did Stub, so accustomed had they both become to the chills and fever.

But the lame boy was much sicker, very much.

As he pushed himself up the last step of the stairs in Southam Towers, everything about him seemed to turn black. He hobbled across the top floor of his room, the lonely sky parlor, and reeled against the wall; but a moment later the blackness left him. He was at the window.

Outside, the glow of the setting sun glistened on the snow-covered campus. It made him think of the winter afternoons

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at home; where the frozen Connecticut glittered close at hand.

"Mother! What is she doing now? It's 'most supper time. She's in the kitchen; there's a teapot in her hand, and there are tea biscuits in the oven. Yes, Ma! I'll be ready in a minute. I haven't got to wash; have I, Ma?"

The fever burned high in Raf Lang. Without a knowledge of his actions, he swung away from the window, and threw himself full length upon his bed. Almost immediately he was fast asleep.

It was pitch dark when he awoke. His slumber had been hot and restless. He arose hastily, fumbled on top of his bureau for matches, and lighted the gas. He turned again to his bureau; his eyes slowly caught the reflection of himself in the broken mirror.

His face was a mottle of crimson spots; and narrow pale streaks ran down in front of his ears, from the temples to the jaws. Yet he was not frightened.

Across the room an old alarm clock

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stood on a shelf, at the end of a line of fallen books. It was nine-thirty! He had slept through supper. Oh, yes; perhaps that accounted for the weakness in his legs, and the "gone" feeling in his stomach.

He summoned all his will power; and moved unsteadily to the line of books. That's the one! He took down a shabby, second-handed volume marked "Higher Algebra."

There was a square table in Raf's room, which stood between the two narrow windows. It was the fifth and last piece of furniture, provided you began with the bureau and counted it as number one, and provided you then called off in order: two, dilapidated wash-stand; three, iron bed with no castors; four, straight-back chair.

Raf carried the Higher Algebra to the table, and sat down in the straight-back chair. The gaslight lent only a dull flicker, and it strained his watering eyes to read.

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"Raf! Raf dear! You mustn't work so hard in that light, child!"

Raf jumped to his feet. His mother! He looked about him, and then sank back into his chair.

Ah, poor boy! The fever indeed has its grip upon you!

He shivered. It wasn't his mother after all. He'd been dreaming. He turned to the book on the table.

The figures and lines and problems of the Higher Algebra ran aimlessly together in a maze of weird characters. He arose from his chair and shook himself to clear his head. "To-morrow's exams!" he muttered.

Suddenly he opened the top drawer of the table and drew forth a writing tablet about twelve inches long. There was only the last sheet left upon it, and that was covered with verses, scrawled in his own handwriting.

He seized a ruler, and cut off a strip of the sheet, lengthwise, an inch and a quarter wide. He turned the strip over on

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its clean side, and proceeded to copy upon it in small letters and numbers the most difficult algebraic problems of the term's work. He labored hard, and every moment or two whispered almost incoherently:

"I won't flunk! I—I can't! I couldn't face you, Ma, if I did! No—no; I couldn't!" At last the copying was done. He glanced behind him nervously, his small red eyes half closed from the strain and fever. It was as though he expected some ogre to rise up from the loneliness of the sky parlor, and crush him.

Of a sudden the old stairs in the hallway creaked. A little cry escaped him. But the creak was only "Maudlin" Hawkins as he entered his room on the floor below. Raf shivered. Then he fell to work again.

He gummed each end of his criminal cheating-strip to a match, rolled the two ends towards each other, put a rubber band over the whole, and the device was complete.

For the space of a minute or so, he held

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it before him. His breath came in short gasps. Then he put it to a trial! A trial between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand. It rolled! He held it under the table, and tried it. It rolled! It rolled easily, and as it did, he found no difficulty in deciphering the algebraic problems copied on it. Only the slightest inclination of his head was needed.

"They won't catch me, Ma! Not with this little skin-roll! I'll pass! I'll pass, Ma!" His words came in unintelligible whispers.

He stumbled across the room and placed his precious skin-roll in the top bureau drawer. As he closed it away from him, he raised his head to the broken mirror. His crimson-patched face stared at him in the yellow glare of the gas; his eyes dropped before his own gaze. Suddenly he whirled about; he thought some one was behind him.

A voice hailed him from the snowy campus: "Lights out, freshman!"

Raf Lang shook like a palsied man as he

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obeyed. He crawled into bed without undressing; his heart thumped; his body burned; and his watery eyes peered into the darkness, like a hunted ground animal that backs into its hole at the first bay of the hounds.

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CHAPTER XVII

THE AUTUMN TESTS

CANARY EVANS winked at Velvet Jones. It was breakfast time on the morning of the autumn tests, two days after the junior banquet. The football captain sat at the head of the long table in the dining room of the Saint George Tavern. Big Foot Martin, Velvet, and several other upperclassmen had seats near him, and at the other end were the sophomores and freshmen; twenty fellows in all.

Dutch Koppel, Pinkey Coatsworth, and Sherry were irrepressible, and talked as hard as they could. Directly across from them Windy Riggs and Sandy MacDonald munched sullenly upon some tough rolls.

"I understand, Velvet," confided Canary, but in a tone quite audible to all,

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"that the freshmen made Windy and Sandy yell 'Hooray for Nineteen Twelve!' before they'd let 'em off the roof the other night."

"That's what I heard, Canary," observed Velvet, carelessly. "I guess it must be right."

The two upper-classmen sipped their coffee while their eyes twinkled over the tops of their cups toward the other end of the table.

"Haw! Haw!" laughed Dutch Koppel, very loud and very rudely, "you ought to have seen 'em, Canary! It reminded me of when I was at school in—"

"Ha! Ha!" broke in Pinkey quickly, "sophomores aren't the whole show! They may think they are, but they're not!"

"Come on, Windy; what you blushing about? And, Sandy, didn't you like that water cure?" Sherry's thick little shoulders and his tow-head shook with laughter until his face grew red.

The upper-classmen laughed as well.

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But the two unhappy sophomores were livid with rage. Sandy glared at the jeering youngsters; Windy turned upon Canary and Velvet.

"By hang, you fellows!" he broke out, "it's a fine thing in this college when freshmen are allowed to talk like—like that! You wait and see. You'll get no good out of mollycoddling freshmen!"

Windy presented a ludicrous figure, as with crimson face he snapped out his words.

The table roared.

"Why don't you reform them?" suggested Velvet.

"Sure! Come on, Windy," taunted Sherry, "reform us! We'll help you, and present you with a fire hose in the bargain!"

This was too much. The two sophomore chairs scraped on the floor, and the insulted ones stalked majestically out of the room.

"You freshmen had better look out now," warned Canary, laughingly.

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"You'll get what's due you before they're through with you!"

"Haw! Haw!" roared Dutch.

"Ha! Ha!" echoed Pinkey.

"Let 'em do their worst!" defied the grinning Sherry.

"Well, we will, freshmen! Don't fear!" It was Sandy on their stairway. He had now partially recovered his good humor. "Bally Clay comes back to-day. I guess that's welcome news to you!"

But evidently it made little difference to the triumphant Nineteen Twelvers, for they answered with a peal of laughter, and Sherry shouted: "Come on over to Dr. Valentine's room about ten o'clock, Sandy, and see the honor system used in our exam!" But Sandy and Windy had passed out of earshot.

At ten o'clock sharp, Dr. Valentine entered his classroom. A bundle of papers was under his arm. He was a tall, spare man, and he walked with a stoop, and little mincing steps, as tall, spare men sometimes do. He had a frank face, a merry

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blue eye, and as he came to a standstill before the seated freshmen, he smiled genially.

"Gentlemen," he began at once, "I suppose at the end of about three minutes, I'll be the most useless piece of furniture in here." Nineteen Twelve grinned up at him good-humoredly. "I see that my assumption apparently has your approval," continued the Doctor. "But seriously, this is a great occasion for you, gentlemen; and I congratulate you. You are allowed one hour to work out your destinies from the question papers that I have in my hand. I'll say that this examination ends at eleven-five. I shall be back at that time to receive your papers."

The Doctor paused, and looked over the array of faces in the front row. "Which pair of you gentlemen are the best sprinters in your row? Come Sherrill, you and Mr. Coatsworth distribute these questions."

Sherry and Pinkey arose, and quickly passed the slips around.

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"Now I'll bid you good day," said the Doctor; and he left the room.

Nineteen Twelve was alone, and upon its honor, and full well did it realize the responsibility.

When the professor closed the door behind him, shoes scraped harshly on the floor a moment; then silence, and the noise of figuring pencils began.

The room in which the freshmen worked was large and almost square. Unlike many college recitation rooms, where benches with arm desks are in vogue, it was fitted with rows of individual desks. Stub Barrows sat on an aisle in the back row. Beside him, and across the aisle, was Bally Clay. Bally's head was lowered in a determined struggle to pass off the hated freshman condition. On the other side of Stub worked the stocky freshman whose hair was shaved straight across the back of his neck. This chap's name was Browne; spelled with an e, please. Raf Lang occupied the desk directly in front of Stub, and half way down

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the room labored Billy Hazen, and the heavy Dutch Koppel.

"Are you sure you're all right, Raf?" whispered Stub, just prior to the entrance of Dr. Valentine.

"Oh, I'm—I'm all right to-day, Stub," the little man had answered; "I—I feel fine."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

After the Doctor had left, Stub watched his little friend bend over his question paper, take up his pencil and begin to work.

Stub felt a load rise from his heart as he noted that Raf plunged into the examination with but little more flushing and nervousness than had been usual with him during the last few weeks; but he did not note that every minute or so Raf's eyes were cast down and half closed, as though in deep thought. Stub was too busy at his own solution of Dr. Valentine's riddles.

Twenty minutes passed. The only

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sounds in the room were the incessant scraping of pencils, the regular ticking of the big wall clock, and the occasional sigh of a tired or discouraged worker.

Stub had finished three out of the seven problems. He chewed the end of his pencil as he prepared to begin on the fourth. A slight noise on Raf's part made him raise his eyes. Raf's left hand shot out into the aisle in an endeavor to catch a thin white roll which had slipped from his grasp. But the roll fell to the floor. At a glance Stub knew its nature. He was on it like a cat.

But his move caused commotion. As he picked the skin-roll up, Dutch Koppel turned in his seat. Stub, flushing crimson, faced the class president's surprised and cow-like stare. Stub threw back his head, and his fist clenched tightly about the fatal skin-roll. Other heads were raised from their work to gaze at him, but in front of him, Raf Lang, with bent-over back, scribbled hard.

Dutch Koppel arose slowly and ap-

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proached him. He too was flushed, but his color was almost purple, and his heavy German jaws twitched. He stopped a foot away from Stub.

"That's a skin-roll, Barrows?" he whispered, his voice shaking.

Stub met him gaze for gaze. "Yes," he answered almost inaudibly.

"You!" breathed Dutch; he trembled all over. "You—you pup!"

All eyes were now on the two; not a sound was heard in the room.

It was impossible for the class instantly to comprehend the situation.

"Huh!" suddenly ejaculated a voice. "The honor man's skin-roll!" It was the stocky freshman, Browne. "There goes our Junior Cup for you, fellows!"

This set off the powder. The class jumped to their feet and rushed toward Stub and Dutch.

Stub awaited them defiantly.

"What's the matter?"

"Who did it?"

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STUB FACED THE CLASS PRESIDENT'S SURPRISED AND COW-LIKE STARE.—*Page 197.*

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"Skin-roll!" they cried.

"I saw him pick it up, boys!" It was Browne, spelled with an e. He edged close to Stub. "You're a fine imitation of a man, you are!" he sneered.

The class was aghast. Barrows cheating! They could scarcely believe their ears.

Suddenly a voice cried:

"Throw him out! The hypocrite!"

Then the class understood. With an angry roar they closed in upon their victim.

"Cut it, you fellows!" thundered Dutch. He stood at Stub's side and faced his wrathful classmates. "The first man who lays a hand on Barrows I'll soak! We'll attend to this thing with dignity."

The crowd fell back.

"Yes, and the first man that *says* a word is going to get it from me, too!" It was Billy Hazen, and Sherry was trembling at his side.

Now indeed was Dutch president of his class. "Barrows," he bellowed, "you've

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committed an awful offense! You'd better leave this room. This class will decide what to do with you!"

Stub pushed his way through the crowd. Billy Hazen met him outside the door. "I'll stay to see what happens," he whispered, and Billy flew back to the examination room.

Stub gone, the uproar grew. One man only remained calm. He leaned against a high window sill and smiled cynically.

"What do you think of this, Bally?" a distracted Nineteen Twelver beseeched of him.

The man against the window sill sneered a laugh.

"I'm not a freshman, sonny," he answered, "and I have nothing to do with freshman affairs."

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CHAPTER XVIII

THE FRESHMAN JURY

Stub Barrows walked swiftly to the college store. Once inside, he closed the door and locked it. He needed time to think. There was no doubt in his mind but that he could clear himself easily enough, but how about Raf Lang? Poor little Raf! Stub couldn't understand his friend.

The honor system and the Junior Cup doubtless were both gone now. But what of that? The real sorrow in Stub's heart was the dishonesty of Raf Lang. It was beyond him. The rest might straighten out in time, but not this.

The door creaked and crowded on its lock. A sharp north wind whirled through the hallways. It meant snow and cold.

Stub arose. As he did so, a hand fumbled on the door-knob.

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"Are—are you—in there, Stub?"

Stub opened the door instantly, and Rafael Meshach Lang stumbled toward him.

"Stub! oh, Stub!" the little man cried, the tears streaming down his mottled cheeks. "Stub! Oh! oh! oh!"

Stub closed the door again. "How could you, Raf?" was all he said.

Raf sank into the Morris chair. He appeared scarcely to understand the words.

"Oh, Stub! Stub!" he repeated piteously. "You won't—you won't—you won't tell on me? Oh, what would become of me? What would happen? Mother! It would kill her! Stub, oh don't, don't tell! Please! Promise me that you won't tell! Please! Please!" He shrieked the last words, and fell back exhausted. Abject terror was in his face.

Stub leaned down and put a hand on the boy's forehead; it was burning hot. The eyes were closed, and every moment or two the little man's body twitched, and he cried out, or murmured incoherently.

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"Poor fellow," Stub whispered, "you weren't to blame!"

Raf caught the words. He sat bolt upright; his eyes stared glassily in front of him.

"No, no!" he shrieked, "I wasn't! I wasn't! You won't tell them; you won't let them get me; will you, Stub?"

As if to answer him, his big companion put one arm under his legs and the other under his shoulders; then picked him up as though he'd been a baby.

"There, there, old fellow! I'm going to take you up to your room and roll you into bed. Everything is all right. There! There!"

He carried him up the four flights of stairs to sky parlor in Southam Towers, and within ten minutes had him in bed.

As he finished tucking a comforter about the sick boy's neck he heard a familiar voice on the campus below roaring out the scales. "Do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si-do-do-oh!" He jumped to the window and threw it open.

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"Bush! Oh, Bush!" he called.

"Do-si—Hello, Stubby! What you—"

"Raf Lang is awful sick, Bush! Telephone to Dr. Strong next to the Unicorn House quick; will you, please?"

It was only a few minutes, though it seemed ages to Stub, before Old Bush Hale pounded up the stairs.

"The Doctor'll be right up," he explained out of breath. "What's the matter with Lang?"

Stub shook his head. "I don't know; it's awful!"

Old Bush rubbed his chin, and looked down upon the crumpled hair and blotched face of the fevered boy who was now fast asleep.

"Looks it," he commented in a subdued tone. "Thought you were trying exams?"

"I was," Stub answered.

"Your class is still in Vally's room, isn't it?"

Stub nodded and looked squarely into the sophomore's eyes.

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"They caught me with a skin-roll, Bush," said he. "That's why I'm not there. That's what knocked out this kid."

Old Bush Hale stepped back, then leaned toward the other and squinted as if he hadn't heard aright.

"They caught you with a skin-roll, Stub, —a SKIN-ROLL?"

"Yes," answered Stub.

Old Bush never moved a muscle, but answered slowly and calmly: "Barrows, you lie!"

Then Dr. Strong came. He examined the sick man skillfully and quickly. "One of you men stay here," he ordered. "I'll be back this afternoon. A nurse will be here within the hour. You must stay till she comes. Do either of you know the young man's home address?"

"Sunbury," Stub spoke up.

"Walk along with me, young man. You can stay a little while with the patient, can you not,—Mr.—er—Hale?"

Old Bush nodded. "Certainly, sir."

"Thank you."

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Stub and the doctor went down the stairs together.

"I believe your friend has typhoid, Mr. Barrows. You say he's been sick on and off all the fall? Chills and fever? Um! Walking typhoid, most likely. You'd better get his mother here right off. I'll be able to make a final diagnosis this afternoon." The doctor paused. "Yes, you'd better tell his mother to come direct to St. Luke's Hospital. I'll have him moved there by six o'clock."

"Is—is it as serious as that, Doctor?"

"A hospital is the best place in the world to be sick," smiled the medical man.

They were at Stub's entry in Gerald. "I'll try to get Mrs. Lang from the 'phone outside my room. I believe there's a telephone in a drug store across the street from where she lives."

Within five minutes Stub had talked with Mrs. Lang, and learned that she would arrive in Hartville that night at eleven-fifty.

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As he finished telephoning, he thrust his hands into his trousers' pockets, and meditated. Suddenly, he was conscious that his fingers struck against a thin roll of paper. He drew it out into the light, and gazed contemplatively upon it.

"Poor little Raf!" he exclaimed under his breath. He entered his bedroom, pulled a packet of old letters from his bottom drawer, slipped the skin-roll under the large rubber band which held the packet together, and tossed the whole thing back into the drawer; then left his bedroom and went into the study.

The wind howled by his window, but between its moans, he heard the chatter of his classmates as they returned from Dr. Valentine's room and stopped before his entry.

"I'll tell him now, fellows. You can wait here if you like." Dutch Koppel's voice had in it the ring of a man convinced of his line of duty. "You stay down here, will you, Hazen?"

"No," answered Billy decidedly.

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The two went into the entry, and came direct to Stub.

"Barrows," began Dutch as they closed the door behind them, "it's my duty to tell you that the class of 1912 has appointed twelve of its members to sit as a jury for you. They're waiting in the Latin room now. The class wants to give you a fair shake, and wants you to defend yourself, if you can. Will you appear before its jury?"

"You're a fat fool, Koppel," broke in Billy indignantly.

"Be quiet, Billy, please," ordered Stub. "Yes, Dutch; I'll be there. When?"

"Now," responded the class president. "You can have any man to act as your attorney that you want."

Stub shook his head. "I don't need any," he replied.

It will be remembered that the Latin room was arranged with a raised platform at one end, and that double rows of benches faced the platform.

When Billy, Stub and Dutch Koppel ar-

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rived, they found the jury already seated in chairs at one side of the raised platform, and Pee-wee Johnson, the prosecuting attorney, on the front bench close to them. The class itself crowded in the rear. Dutch Koppel, as judge, marched down the center aisle to his place at Professor Hamilton's desk. Stub, with Billy, Pinkey Coatsworth and Sherry, took a front bench opposite Pee-wee Johnson.

Pee-wee opened his case briskly. "This man was caught with the goods, gentlemen," he declared.

Dutch rapped on his desk. "Please, please don't use slang, Mr. Johnson."

Pee-wee continued unabashed: "He was caught with a skin-roll. Mr. Browne saw him drop it and saw him pick it up. That's all there is to it. I call upon Mr. Browne as a witness and then will rest my case."

Browne, spelled with an e, arose and swore that he had seen substantially what the prosecutor had outlined, and Mr. Browne, being of a temperament which

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jumps at conclusions, really believed that he swore to the truth.

"I guess, gentlemen," announced Dutch Koppel, "that there isn't much use in going further. We were all there, and sorrowfully as I am compelled to say it, we all know what happened. Still, before turning over the case to the jury, I'll call on Mr. Barrows with the earnest hope that he may have some means of clearing himself."

"I have nothing to say," put in Stub, without rising.

"Rise, please, when addressing the court," admonished Dutch.

Stub obeyed.

"You mean that you offer no defense?" asked Dutch.

"None."

"Stub!" It was a cry from Billy Hazen's innermost soul.

"The case is in the hands of the jury," concluded Dutch.

The twelve filed out, and the room resounded with whispered conferences.

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Sherry, Pinkey, and Billy stared dumfounded at their chum. Billy clutched the lapel of his old friend's coat; he looked searchingly into his eyes. "Tell me," he whispered tensely, "did you cheat in those exams to-day?"

Stub met the gaze coldly.

"They caught me, didn't they? I don't deny it, do I? That ought to satisfy you."

The jury returned to the room. The class held its breath.

Dutch Koppel arose and faced the twelve good men and true.

"Gentlemen, have you reached a verdict?"

The foreman, a long, cadaverous-looking individual, stood up.

"We have," he announced with dignity. "We find the accused to be guilty, and we order that he be sentenced to remain in this college, but *that he be treated by this class as though he were absent!*"

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CHAPTER XIX

THE PENALTY OF DISHONOR

At eleven-fifty that night, Stub met Mrs. Lang at the depot. She was a frail little woman, dressed in widow's black, and doubtless at one time very pretty.

"How—how is my boy?" she asked eagerly, as she stepped from the cars.

Stub told her that Raf's case had definitely been diagnosed as typhoid. "The doctor says there's no immediate danger, Mrs. Lang, but the fever will have to run its course."

Stub put her in a cab, and took her to the hospital.

"I'll wait in the hall here for you," he whispered, as they reached the typhoid ward. "When you come out, there may be some errands you'll want done."

Stub's wait was a long one, for it was nearing two o'clock in the morning when

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Raf's mother finally came to him. "He's sleeping comfortably," she said, "and oh! how can I thank you, Thomas? You've been so kind to my dear boy!"

Stub's eyes fell before the earnest gaze of the mother. "I've done nothing, Mrs. Lang," he said uneasily. "Raf and I are partners in the store; that's all."

The widow's small head nodded in understanding. "Yes—yes—I know."

"And Mrs. Lang," Stub blurted the words as if they hurt him, "Raf's told me about his affairs; about—er—money. You needn't worry about anything. The store pays big, and I'll send you Raf's share every month just the same." Stub's face was red as fire.

The little woman took one of his big hands. "You're a good boy, Thomas Barrows; a good boy!" she answered gratefully.

Dawn was breaking when Stub at last was able to throw himself into his bed in Gerald. It was Thanksgiving morning.

At Washington, Thanksgiving was ob-

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served only by chapel services and the omission of recitations.

Stub Barrows slept late that morning. Billy Hazen loitered on the walk in front of their entry and waited for him to put in an appearance.

As he was thus employed Old Bush Hale hove into view.

Billy rushed to the sophomore. "You've heard all about it, Bush!"

Old Bush nodded.

"Pinkey's up with Sherry now. I guess the three of us and you are the only friends Stub has left. We need you, Bush. Come up with me, will you, please?"

Old Bush complied.

In Sherry's room, Pinkey paced the floor, while the tow-head showed his feelings by muttered imprecations against the whole world.

"Here's Bush," announced Billy in the doorway.

"Bush!" cried Sherry. "Bush, do you believe it? Do you believe that Stub cheated?"

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Old Bush rubbed his blue beard-line thoughtfully.

"The gentleman himself avows that he did," he responded.

"He lied; that's all!" snapped Sherry.

"That's what I told him; but just what can you do about it, if the gentleman himself insists that he did cheat?"

"See him, and tell him he's a billy goat!" offered Pinkey.

"But somebody cheated," suggested the sophomore.

"Yes, and it was that Lang!" This from Sherry with a vicious shake of his head.

"Quite possible, my young friend; but can you prove it?" persisted Bush.

"I'll bet a dollar on it!"

"Which you might win, Sherry, if only —if only you had the proofs."

"We'll go to see him and make him admit it right now," was the quick rejoinder.

"Stub?" queried Bush.

"You bet!"

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Stub had just finished shaving when they entered his room.

"I'll neither affirm or deny it," he declared coolly. "I've taken my medicine. What's the use in rubbing it in?" As he thus delivered himself, he turned to the mirror, and proceeded to put on his collar.

"But can't you see, you chump," pleaded Sherry, "that your position isn't right? The whole class is going to suffer by it. What's to become of the honor system you've fought so hard for? That's ruined! What's to become of the class's chances for the Junior Cup? Even Old Bush here, a sophomore, will tell you you're killing us for that."

"Leave me out of that, Sherry," broke in Old Bush.

"But it's true, just the same. We know you didn't cheat, Stub! Do you want to ruin the class?"

"Somebody cheated, Sherry," Stub's voice was low, "and the class will lose just as much if one member cheats as another."

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Sherry was beside himself. "You're crazy!" he retorted. "You've been the leader of the honor movement. It's different when you cheat. You—you—"

"Wait a moment, Sherry!" Old Bush assumed the command. "See here, old man," he addressed himself to Stub—"we're your friends. We can't believe you've done this. If you're innocent, you owe it to yourself to say so. It's false honor to go to prison for another man's crime rather than show him up. If you're doing anything like that, Stub, and I believe in my heart you are, you owe it to your own good name to quit the thing right now." Old Bush paused.

Stub stared fixedly at the speaker.

"It's my name, boys," he answered, "please understand that."

Old Bush lowered his spectacles, and looked over the top of them. "Very good, my son," he drawled; "but I'm going to tell you something before I go, and then, I guess you'll do as you please. I don't know whom you're shielding. But I can

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tell you the effect that the jury's sentence is going to have on the business of your store."

Again Old Bush paused; his eyes flashed. "It's going to mean that when your class treats you as though you are absent, none of your class will patronize your store. Catch the point? When your class won't buy from you because you're dishonest, it's a good guess that the sophomores won't either, and pretty soon the *whole* college will leave you strictly alone. Decent men don't mix with dishonest ones, Stub. They ostracize them. That's the penalty of dishonor."

Old Bush Hale thrust out his hand. "Don't be a fool, Stub," he added. "Please don't."

Stub paled a trifle. He scarcely saw his friend's extended hand. The real meaning of his sentence had not struck him until now. Perhaps Old Bush was right. He owed it to himself. Why should he protect a cheat, and suffer the ignominy of a

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cheat's punishment? It wasn't fair! He'd clear himself, and Raf must reap his whirlwind.

Stub made no answer for a moment. Apparently he was as stubborn as before. His chums awaited his decision anxiously. But the strain proved too great for Billy Hazen.

"You ought to be licked, Stub," he cried, "you great big gilly!"

The words brought Stub to his real self. Immediately two pictures flashed upon the canvas of his mind's eye. One was that of a little mother in the gloomy halls of a hospital, who looked up to him for help, as if he had been her own son. The other was a picture of the blotched face and rolling eyes of a fever-stricken lad, who was no more responsible for his deeds than is a river for running to the sea. At the same moment, words came back to him, words like calling vesper bells in the old church at home: "You're a good boy, Thomas Barrows; a good boy!" And

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then Raf's voice: "It would kill her, Stub! Oh, don't tell; don't tell! You won't let them get me!"

Stub pulled himself together. "Fellows," he announced slowly, and finally, "I have made my bed, and I am going to sleep in it."

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CHAPTER XX

THE ATHLETE

Big Foot Martin, Captain of the baseball team, came down the walk with Patsy Cahill. It was the middle of January, but already the baseball fans had crawled from their winter lairs, and were planning for the spring.

"Now that Morgan's gone," explained Martin, "there isn't a living soul in the whole college that can hold Canary Evans."

Patsy Cahill meditated a minute. "Have yez thought of the big freshman?"

"I don't believe we could get him to play," answered Big Foot.

"Humph," grunted Patsy. "We'll *make* him play if he's any good."

At this point Canary Evans approached them.

"Do you suppose Barrows can hold you,

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Canary?" asked Big Foot as the three met.

"Why not?" responded Canary. "He caught last summer on a pretty good amateur aggregation in his home town, so his right bower, Hazen, told me. But—er—"

"Yes; I know all about it," broke in Big Foot impatiently, "but you and I aren't going to let any monkey business like that interfere with the team, are we? You wouldn't have stood for it in football, and I won't on the diamond. An athlete is an athlete. Let's go to see him."

Stub was "plugging" on freshman French in the college store when the two upper-classmen and Patsy entered. He arose, and flushed crimson. Except for his steadfast friends, Pinkey, Billy, Sherry, and Old Bush, these men were almost the first human beings who had crossed his threshold since Thanksgiving.

The three visitors explained their mission quickly.

"Come on down to the cage this after-

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noon, Stub," said Canary finally. "We'll try her out."

Stub looked at his football captain wide-eyed. "Do—you—really want me, Canary?" he stammered.

"Why Stub—sure. You didn't think, old man, that I—say, why haven't you been over to the house to see me lately? I haven't had time to get in here." Canary looked deep into the gray eyes of the freshman.

Stub smiled happily, "I'll be down to the cage this afternoon, Canary," he answered.

At two-thirty sharp, Stub stepped into the baseball cage in the basement of the gym. Canary took up his position at the other end of it, and the trial of a new catcher began.

"My arm's in fair shape, Stub," explained Canary. "I've been out here for four or five days. How are you? Shall I speed 'em up right off?"

Stub grinned. "Guess you better let 'em come a little easy at first."

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Patsy Cahill and Big Foot Martin watched the pair with keenest interest.

"Can yez take 'em a little faster, Barrows?" asked Patsy, after Canary had pitched six or eight balls.

Stub nodded. Canary let go a swift one; it was gathered in easily.

By this time, fifteen or twenty fellows, members of last year's nine and candidates for this year's, stood about the cage, and watched the try-out.

"Leave him have a good one!" ordered Patsy.

Canary twisted himself double, and his arm shot out with the force of a piston rod. Stub didn't turn a hair. The ball was in his mitt, and on its way back to the pitcher before the crowd realized it.

"That's enough!" bawled Patsy.

Big Foot jumped into the cage. Stub and Canary approached each other.

"He can hold you!" declared Big Foot jubilantly.

"Sure he can."

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"Come down every day, will you, Barrows?" Big Foot asked.

"I'll be pleased to," answered Stub, as he pulled off his mitt.

Outside the cage, Patsy Cahill turned upon the players and candidates who surrounded him: "If you fellers had a half the baseball in yez that that lad's got," he said, "yez'd be worth something!" Patsy grinned with satisfaction.

But the players and candidates growled angrily. "It's a fine thing," muttered Bally Clay, who was training for the track team, and had nothing at all to do with the baseball squad, "it's a fine thing if that man's going to be allowed to play on a college team now!"

Big Foot Martin heard it. "Another remark like that," he roared, "and the man that makes it gets out of here for good!"

The action of the men in the gym was but a sample of what Stub had endured on many occasions. Useless were the efforts of his intimates to counteract such

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feelings, for Stub would never deny the accusations against him.

Stub left the cage, and went up to his room. He was heavy in heart. Old Bush's prophecy had indeed come true. The college at large accepted the freshmen's estimation of him, and were content to follow the freshmen's example of leaving him strictly alone. Only that morning he had brought himself to the realization that the store was an utter failure.

He stepped to his study table and picked up an envelope. Billy had doubtless brought it from the post-box on the ground floor. It contained his allowance—a check for thirty-five dollars. His father sent him this amount every two weeks, and with it he had been accustomed to pay all of his expenses, except room rent and tuition. He fingered the check a moment, then went down to the Dean's office and had it cashed.

That night, he visited the hospital and Mrs. Lang received twenty-five dollars in new crisp bills.

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"Raf's share in the store," he explained with a smile. "Here's that book he wanted, too, Mrs. Lang."

He handed her a thick volume. "How is he to-day?"

"Much better, Thomas, thank you," she told him. "He's doing splendidly. Oh, Longfellow's poems! Yes, he asked for them the other day. Thank you so much. He'll be able to see you soon, Thomas."

"Give him my best," Stub said cheerily, and turned to go.

Mrs. Lang counted the bills in her hand. "Thomas," said she hesitatingly, "are you sure this is the right amount? It seems so funny that it should always be the same figure. You're—sure you aren't depriving yourself?"

Stub laughed. "Leave that to me, Mrs. Lang. Business doesn't vary much, that's all, and the income sticks about the same."

He left her, and went back to the college. Raf would soon be well and out again, he told himself.

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There could be no doubt that, when the fellows knew all, they would realize that at the time Raf made the skin-roll he was not in a responsible condition. When this was made clear, the boycott against the store would be lifted.

Nevertheless there were days when Stub thought it might be better to tell the truth immediately, and not wait until Raf should explain matters himself.

But on second thought he always decided that such action would be useless, for the college would never believe him, and then both Raf and he would be worse off than before.

Thus matters ran along.

One afternoon, in the early days of a raw, windy March, after he had become a fixture on the baseball squad, Sherry came upon him as he left the gym.

"Say, Stub," the tow-head began, "we just had a class meeting. Dutch Koppel feels awful bad about you. The poor old dummy nearly cried when he mentioned your name to-day. We've decided to keep

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up the honor system, Stub; yep, put it to a vote, and she won, hands down. That dog-faced Browne and a few of his satellites were the only ones against it."

"I'm glad," commented Stub. "It's a good system."

Sherry's jaw dropped. "Say, you're the human limit!" he gasped; "but it's no use talking to you. So I'll tell you another thing; the Under-Class Meet is going to be held May twenty-first."

"Come on up to the store, Sherry," interrupted Stub.

They walked slowly in front of the long row of buildings.

"When did they decide on the date, Sherry?"

"The sophomore challenge was received yesterday," the tow-head explained. "It named May twenty-first, and in our class meeting just now we accepted it, *in toto poco,* as Caius Julius says."

"I hope we win it!" said Stub.

Sherry snorted. "Well, so do I, and just to show you there's no hard feeling,

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we will, Stubby! Bill and Dutch and I just figured it out. If we can beat Bally Clay in the half-mile, we'll win sure! Dutch didn't want to ask you; but if you'd train for it, Stubby—if—if—you'd train for it, you can beat him!"

The other shook his head. "I can't do that, Sherry. There's baseball."

"Rats! The nine plays Hall Institute that day. You can get off."

"That may be, Sherry. But the class! Would they—"

"That's just the way I knew you'd feel. The class has nothing to do with it. You're a member of it. Dutch feels awfully; not because he wants your athletic ability, but because of yourself. Come on, Stub. You can run to beat the band. You did it last fall in the Coventry game. Come on; will you?"

They had entered the college store.

"I couldn't beat Clay, Sherry," Stub said earnestly, "and I—"

"You could, too. Will you try?"

"I've got baseball," he repeated.

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"But won't you train for it at least, Stub?"

Stub shook his head. "No," was his firm response.

"Cæsar's ghost!" ejaculated Sherry in disgust.

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CHAPTER XXI

BILLY HAZEN DECLARES HIMSELF

COVENTRY MUST BE WHIPPED.

FOOT-BALL
WASHINGTON—5; COVENTRY—0.

BASE-BALL
WHAT SHALL IT BE?
GIVE THE NINE YOUR SUPPORT!!!

THUS read an enormous sign which had hung over the entrance to the gym for a month past, and well had the college responded to it.

In the first three weeks of April four games were played. The first was against Winsted, and ended 10 to 1 in Washington's favor. Next came the Providence league and Dartmouth teams; the former was called in the seventh with the score a tie; and the latter Washington won, 4 to 0. Then followed the massacre of poor

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old Merrifield. Washington piled up fifteen runs while Merrifield could only get one man around the circuit.

At all these games the attendance had far exceeded any previous early season records. Interest and enthusiasm were at white heat.

"No team can keep it up!" the croakers cried.

Toward the end of the month these prophecies seemed justified, too; for the nine journeyed to Cambridge and Harvard took them into camp to the tune of eight to two.

But even after this, croaking never became in any degree popular. For instance: Sherry who was an optimist, heart and soul, objected strenuously to pessimism. "The slump was due!" he declared to a crowd on the walk. "Any sun-kissed idiot ought to know that!" He hurled his words scornfully into the teeth of his auditors.

In each game thus far, Stub Barrows had been behind the bat. He was sure and

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heady, though sometimes a little slow in getting the ball to second.

Matters had not changed much for him during the last few months. When on the diamond it was not so bad; but elsewhere, both in the gym and out of it, he was made to feel at every turn the contempt of his college mates.

Nevertheless he held up his head and did his best.

On one occasion only did it seem as though he might falter; it was during the Connecticut Tech game on May 1st.

In the sixth inning he caught an extremely difficult foul. The Tech men, his opponents, cheered him; but Washington remained silent.

At this, Big Foot Martin deliberately left first base and ran to the Old Gold and Blue stand.

"I don't give a rip, men, what you do," said Big Foot, his face white with anger, "as long as you don't interfere with the game! But if you fellows have got to let your opponents cheer your own player

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when he makes a catch like that, you had better all go home and stay there!"

Big Foot walked slowly back to first. Hand-clapping followed him and even a faint cheer.

Stub flushed crimson. This was one of the hardest trials he had thus far had to bear. But he quickly recovered himself.

"You've brought it on yourself," said Billy Hazen bitterly late that night.

Stub crawled into bed without replying, and turned out his light.

"You heard me, didn't you, Stub?"

"Yes," he answered simply, "let's go to sleep, Bill, please."

After the game, Big Foot Martin and Canary Evans held a consultation.

"They'll get that freshman's nerve yet, if we don't look out," growled the baseball captain. "Do you suppose he really cheated after all?"

Canary shook his head. "I'm hanged if I know, old man. Personally I can't see how he could,—but there's the evidence."

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Big Foot thought a moment. "Well, I'll evidence the whole crowd of 'em if they do another trick like that one to-day. It would be a nice pickle if Barrows up and quit! By the way," he added irrelevantly, "Coventry wanted to change the date of the third game to June eighteenth. What do you think of that?"

Canary looked at the other and smiled. "Maybe there won't be any third game, Big Foot."

"Right!" pronounced the captain with a shake of his massive head; "but we make no changes in our schedule. That's final. She's June fifteenth, and June fifteenth she stays."

For the month of May seven games were scheduled; games with New England's colleges of every ball-playing degree, and the season was planned to end in June with a two out of three series against Coventry.

In all the games after the one with Connecticut Tech, each man on the nine received his meed of applause, regardless of

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personal antagonisms. But the underclassmen, though they did their duty while on the athletic field, felt no obligation at any other time to extend the hand of fellowship to a cheat.

The day before the Under-Class Meet, Stub Barrows, Sherry, and Billy stood on the walk before the bulletin board.

"Hall Institute to-morrow?" asked Sherry.

Stub nodded.

A crowd of sophomores with arms locked, swept out of a near-by entry in Gerald, and moved down upon the freshman trio.

"Off the walk, freshmen!" they shouted.

Billy and Sherry obeyed quickly, but Stub unintentionally was a little slow. The sophomores were upon him, but suddenly swerved to one side, and passed him untouched.

"Nothing to do with that fellow!" bawled one of them, and on they went.

Stub's cheeks burned. Sherry and Billy shut their jaws and said nothing. The

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three moved silently toward the college store. Before them, in the doorway of Southam Towers, stood Dutch Koppel, and Pinkey Coatsworth. Both had seen and heard it all. The big German's heart was plainly touched. His mouth twitched.

"I don't see how he's stood it all this time," he murmured. Involuntarily, Dutch stepped forward. He held out his hand to his old friend.

"I don't give a hang," he began earnestly, as he took Stub's grip. "You've suffered enough. But why,—why did you do it, Stub? Why did you do it? I'm president of the class. It was my duty—*duty*, Stub; that's what it was, and that's all, too."

Stub stared at the other in astonishment. "That's all right, Dutch," he responded, "I understand."

Dutch stepped closer to him. "We'll be friends again?" he beseeched, his honest face aflame.

"*I'd* like to be Dutch," Stub's answer was from his heart.

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They parted and went their ways: Dutch and Pinkey to their room; Stub, Billy, and Sherry to the college store.

Inside the store Billy and Sherry mounted the window seat. Stub immediately went to work on an account book.

"How much longer you going to keep this up?" asked Billy irritably after minutes of silence. "Pinkey and Dutch—"

The telephone rang and interrupted him. Stub answered it; but it was the wrong number.

Billy began again: "Will Lang get back before college closes?"

"He's coming back next week," responded Stub.

"Perhaps then you'll straighten this thing out!" ventured Billy.

His friend turned on him instantly. "Then—"

Once more the telephone bell disturbed them. Stub took down the receiver.

"Yes," he answered. "Yes. Yes. Great Scott! another six months, Doctor! Oh,

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that's awful! Tell her I'll be right over."

Stub swung from the telephone, and sank heavily into the shabby Morris chair. "Great Scott!" he breathed.

"What's the matter?" gasped Sherry.

"Poor Raf's got a dilated heart. It'll be six months now before he can get out." He arose and put on his hat. "I'll be back later, fellows. I'm going down to the hospital. Mrs. Lang wants to see me. You stay here if you want to."

As soon as Stub left the room and went down the stairs, Billy Hazen jumped to his feet.

"Sherry," he declared, his voice trembling with excitement, "I'll tell you one thing, and that's this; Stub Barrows no more cheated at those exams than you and I did! He's protecting that other fellow! You and I both know that! He's counted on Lang's coming back, because he thinks the little monkey could offer some excuse for the skin-roll. Don't I know?"

"You do!"

"He never told me, but haven't I known

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him since I was a kid? Can't I read him like a book? Lang can't come back for six months, and Mr. Stub is up against it right!" Suddenly he wheeled about. "Sherry!" he shouted, "more than all this, the crazy loon is busted!"

Sherry was aghast. "How do you know that?"

"Huh!" grunted Billy in disgust, "this store has made piles of money, hasn't it! Yes, it has—not! And can't I tell when Stub has money? You bet! He's no tightwad! He's giving it to Mrs. Lang! I know!"

"Then what's he going to do now, Bill?"

"Do? Do?" cried Billy. "He'll go on just as he's been going,—the big, fat—Oh, rats! Sherry, what's the use? He'll go on just the same,—unless—unless—" Billy paused and gazed at his friend. "Unless, Sherry," he snapped, "you and I stop him!"

Sherry bounded to his feet. "You're right, Bill! Unless we stop him! and we will!"

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Billy Hazen's fists clenched. "You bet we will!" he answered.

But the two friends had counted without their host.

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CHAPTER XXII

THE UNDER-CLASS MEET

"He was going back to college next week, just to help you in the store, Thomas," said Mrs. Lang as she met Stub in the lower hall of the hospital. "The doctors had me keep him here instead of home; they said he'd convalesce quicker. And now—he'll be on his back for six months more!"

Stub took her arm and led her into the hospital parlor.

"How—can—can you make it this summer, Mrs. Lang?" he asked. "I—mean, without the store?"

Raf's mother shivered. "I don't know, —oh! I don't know how I can!"

Stub thought hard. "Never mind," he said at last; "I'll fix all that, don't you bother," and he looked her square in the eyes with as much confidence as if he had

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at his command all the wealth of ancient Rome.

The widow shook her head. "My poor boy!" she moaned.

"I'll think out a scheme, all right," Stub went on. "You take care of Raf, and I'll look after the other end of it." He arose to go, and as he did so, put his arm across the little woman's shoulders. "There, there, now,—" he whispered. "My kid brother had typhoid once and a dilated heart after it. It just needs quiet and attention. Don't worry, Mrs. Lang. Tell Raf we play Hall Institute to-morrow, and that I'll tell him all about it when I see him. I must go now. Good night. Keep a stiff upper lip, and don't worry."

Stub left the hospital, and hurried back to the college.

All thoughts of his own predicament and his own increasing debts were out of mind. His brain was afire only with plans to raise money enough to carry the sick boy and his mother through the summer. The way looked dark, to be sure. But he turned

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over one scheme after another with a firm faith that somehow he would find the means for the end.

When he reached his room, he found that Pinkey and Sherry had already left and that Billy was fast asleep.

He sat down on the window seat, and stared out upon the starlit campus. Suddenly an idea seized him; he jumped to his feet.

"I have it!" he cried aloud. "It'll work, too!"

The next morning, he went down town alone. In the afternoon the team played Hall Institute, and he was behind the bat.

That day the game was called at one o'clock, in order that the Under-Class Track Meet might be held upon the same field.

"Sure, we'll play it quick, and give you the field," explained Big Foot Martin to the under-class committee who waited upon him. "Don't I want to see you fellows scrap it out? The Hall men will be here by twelve. We'll try to get through

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by three. Start your sprints on the back part of the track, while we're playing; it won't bother us."

Thus it happened that while an exceedingly large crowd was at the field when the Hall Institute game began, it must be admitted that many of the spectators were there only to pass away the time, until the track meet should start.

At precisely two-thirty, Patsy Cahill took up his position behind the line of whitewash drawn straight across the back stretch of the quarter mile cinder path, which surrounds the athletic field. He held a revolver above his head, and six white-trunked athletes stood before him.

"Are yez all ready, timers?" Patsy shouted to three men with stop watches, who waited one hundred yards away.

"Let her go!" came back the answer.

This was the signal for the crowd on the bleachers who had been watching the nine pound out an old-fashioned victory from Hall Institute. They jumped from their seats and rushed to the cinder path.

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"On your marks!" cried Patsy.

The six athletes on the white-wash line crouched for the start.

"Set!"

Their muscles tightened.

Crack! The revolver flashed.

Away they sprang, down the track, like six white pigeons. Breathlessly the college watched them. In exactly ten and two-fifths seconds, the race was over. Close? A blanket could have covered the first three men! For a moment, the judges consulted; then announced: "Deans wins; White, second; Brooks, third!"

"Father Deans! Father Deans!" the freshmen shrieked with joy. They pounded one another and danced about like wild men. Finally Sherry gathered a crowd about him.

"One! Two! Three! All together!" he cried, and his class responded:

"We are the Class of Nineteen Twelve!
To win we always strive!
But into sophs we'd rather delve,
Than eat, and keep alive!"

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"NINETEEN TWELVE!
DEANS! DEANS!! DEANS!!!"

The result of the "hundred" meant five points for the freshmen and four for the sophomores. But next came the quarter-mile! Sandy MacDonald won this in fifty-seven seconds flat; a 1911 man was second, and a 1912, third.

First place in every event, it will be noticed, counted five points; second place, three; and third place, one.

The tables were now turned, and the sophomores yelled themselves hoarse.

At this juncture, the game against Hall Institute ended, and the baseball squad, with the few fans who remained to witness the "last rites" over Hall, crowded about the cinder path to watch the struggle between the classes.

The freshmen were worried. The sophomores were showing greater strength than was anticipated, for in every Nineteen Twelve calculation, the quarter-mile was placed to the credit of Browne, with

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Sandy MacDonald no better than third!

Pinkey Coatsworth ran among his classmates and whispered: "Let's get Barrows in! He can win something for us, anyway." But the suggestion met with little favor.

The battle was on. Nineteen Twelve won the "two-twenty," and took first and second in the shot put. But Bally Clay turned the tide again in a sophomore direction by winning the high and low hurdles in seventeen and a half, and twenty-seven seconds, respectively, and the high jump by clearing the bar at the splendid height of five feet ten and one-half inches.

Then the freshmen came to their own in the running broad and the hammer throw of Dutch Koppel.

Thus the games continued, with first one class in the lead, and then the other. At last, there remained but one event to be decided: the half mile! The score was now:

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1912	1911
55	49

The half-mile would decide it. Either class might win! The sophomores were jubilant. Victory was in sight, for they had entered Bally Clay, Sandy MacDonald, and Jimmy Wilson. Beyond a doubt the men should finish in the order named. Against them, 1912 was to send Browne, Billy Hazen, and Father Deans!

The sophomores gathered at the starting line.

"Feed us Freshmen by the peck!
Nineteen Eleven's right on deck!
CLAY!! MacDONALD!! WILSON!!"

They roared defiance to their antagonists. The freshmen did not answer. Instead, they were divided into two groups down the track, fifty yards away, and warring among themselves.

In one group was a stocky figure of a lad whose black hair was shaved straight across the back of his neck. He was in running drawers.

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"Fellows," he declared excitedly, "I'll not run a step if that man, Barrows, is allowed to compete!"

"I don't blame you, Brownie!" acquiesced a satellite. The majority of the crowd agreed with him.

Browne, spelled with an e, threw himself sulkily on the grass.

In the other group, Dutch Koppel argued with a broad-shouldered, clear-eyed fellow in baseball togs.

"You've got to go in, Stub!" He shoved a pair of spiked shoes, running drawers, and a shirt into the other's hands. "Get into those now, I tell you! The class needs you!"

"You bet we do!" echoed Pinkey, and the group about him mumbled their assent.

"I'd better not," protested Stub.

"Do as I tell you!" ordered Dutch. "Please, Stub, old man!"

Stub turned his eyes toward the hostile crowd, and saw that it was formed of the majority of his classmates.

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"The class doesn't want—"

"The class be hanged!" roared Dutch. "*I* am the class right now! Stub, Father Deans can't last a half. Be broad, and go in!"

"For us, Stub!" pleaded Sherry, Billy and Pinkey.

Without another word, Stub rushed to the gym and donned the running outfit.

Dutch Koppel walked over to the sulking Browne.

"Brownie, you dub," he snorted, "cut out this business and run! If we get second we win the meet! You hear me?"

"Get a move on yez fer the half!" It was Patsy Cahill at the starting line.

Nineteen Eleven bellowed forth their "Feed us freshmen by the peck!"

The six runners took their positions. They were Clay, MacDonald, Wilson, Hazen, Browne, and Barrows.

"Nineteen Twelve!" shouted Dutch. "Give it to 'em!"

The class hesitated.

"Give it to 'em, I tell you!" thundered

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Dutch. "A hoo-ray! One! Two! Three!"

The class responded:

"HOO-RAY! HOO-RAY! HOO-RAY!
NINETEEN TWELVE!
NINETEEN TWELVE!!
HAZEN! BARROWS!! BROWNE!!!"

"On your marks!" shouted Patsy. "Get set!"

Crack!

The race was on.

Instantly Clay shot out and opened up a clear five yards between himself and his nearest competitor. It was a hot pace, and evidently designed to kill off quickly his freshmen antagonists.

At the first eighth Clay's lead was increased to eight yards. The others were bunched close, except Billy, who had dropped hopelessly behind.

"A runaway!" yelled the sophomores.

The quarter was done in sixty-one.

Clay passed the starting line, running easily, in long loping strides. The runners behind him watched one another

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sharply. Suddenly Sandy MacDonald broke away, and shot out after the leader. Jimmy Wilson was at his heels.

"Aaaay! Yeow!!" cried Nineteen Eleven.

They rounded the turn. Browne and Barrows increased their speed. Stub's eyes were glued upon the speeding figure far in the lead. Stub was in fair running condition; baseball had done that for him.

The crowd was silent. The runners reached the last eighth! Stub gathered himself and literally jumped ahead.

In a moment he had passed Browne and Jimmy Wilson. Sandy MacDonald was three yards in front of him.

"Oh! oh! oh!" shrieked Nineteen Twelve. "Barrows! Oh!"

Stub's legs struck forth in quick gigantic strides. The runners hit the turn to the home stretch.

Stub was at Sandy's shoulder.

"Wow! Wow! Wow!"

Stub's fists clenched. He hurled himself

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forward, and swept by Sandy MacDonald! But as he did so, a cry of dismay from the sophomores reached him:

"Sandy's fallen!"

Stub pressed onward; temples racking, head back.

The finish line was but fifty yards away.

"Go it, Stub! Go it!" cried the crowd.

Stub was nearly exhausted. He staggered forward. Before him ran the graceful Bally, insolent and unconquerable. Behind him, he heard the pounding of the chase.

Fifteen yards to go! Bally reached the tape, a victor!

The sophomores shrieked! Then: "Go, you Jimmy Wilson! Go! Go!! Go!!!"

"Stub!! STUB! Look out!!" warned the freshmen.

Stub heard the heavy gasps of the runner at his back. The hot breath of the other man was at his ear. He struggled on. They were at the tape! Stub closed his eyes and jumped for it.

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"We win! Wow!!" It was Dutch Koppel's voice; he knew it.

A bedlam of noise broke forth. 1912 had gone crazy.

A half dozen of his classmates leaped upon him. He was puffing hard, but smiling. Of a sudden the smile left him. Everywhere the sophomores cried:

"Foul! Foul! He tripped Sandy, the mucker!"

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CHAPTER XXIII

OLD BUSH AT THE WHEEL

This time Stub Barrows had the backing of his class. Not a man in 1912 believed that he tripped Sandy MacDonald.

However, Bally Clay, as captain of the sophomore track team, that night filed a protest with the rules committee on athletics.

Velvet Jones was chairman of this committee, and to him Bally addressed himself:

"Here's my formal protest, Velvet," he growled. "I'm not going to say whether or not the tripping was intentional, but it's a cinch that it occurred and the result is the same. As the score stands now the freshmen licked us by three points. But by rights, after you've ruled out Barrows the score stands 55

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points for Nineteen Twelve and 57 for us!"

Velvet Jones nodded. "Sure!" he acquiesced. "We have a meeting in a few days and we'll look into it. I guess that fellow Barrows is just naturally tricky, isn't he?"

"Is he?" retorted Bally. "Well—I've tried not to say much— But, I tell you, Velvet, if an honor system produces such fellows as he is, the sooner this college gets rid of the system and the fellow the better it'll be off!"

Velvet jammed his hands into his trouser pockets.

"I believe you're right, Bally," said he. "I for one am sick of him and I think 'most everybody else is, too."

In spite of the intense feeling aroused by the incident in the half-mile, Stub was not worried. He denied that he had tripped Sandy, and promptly put the matter from his mind. His energies were concentrated upon other things: the relief of Raf Lang and Raf's mother.

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Very early Monday morning, therefore, he again went down town alone, and soon after his return the college found itself flooded with hand-bills which read as follows:

AUCTION!

To-day at Noon! In the College Store!
The surplus stock of Lang & Barrows!

EVERYBODY COME!

AUCTION!

Just before noon a red flag flapped in the breeze from Southam Towers doorway.

Billy and Sherry stood under it with dinner-bells in their hands.

"Auction! Auction!" they bellowed, and rang the bells. "Everybody in to the auction! Most wonderful bargains of this or any other age!"

Father Deans came out of his entry and with a couple of chums walked under the flag to the store. A moment later three or four other freshmen followed suit.

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Then a few sophomores and a junior or two did likewise.

"Everybody in before it's too late!" shouted Sherry.

"Going, going, gone!" bawled Billy.

"Bargains! Bargains!"

A steady stream of inquisitive fellows now poured into the Towers.

Sherry and Billy kept up the din outside. Soon the store was filled. Stub, very much excited, stood in one corner and handed a motley assortment of books, sweaters, and collars to an ungainly individual who was mounted on a box in the center of the room.

The ungainly individual placed the goods on a table beside him, adjusted his spectacles to the middle of his nose and grinned down upon the expectant buyers.

"Gentlemen," said he with much gravity, as soon as the table was heaped with goods, "gentlemen, this is probably the greatest opportunity of your lives! The sale of the valuable stock in this store is one of the most magnificent sacrifices in

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the history of mankind! What am I bid for this beautiful sweater?" He held up a shop-worn sweater to the inspection of the crowd.

"Would you wear it yourself, Bush?" scoffed a voice.

Old Bush Hale withered the interrupter with a glance.

"Wear it?" he snorted. "It's fit for a king! What am I bid?"

"Fifty cents!" yelled some one.

"Fifty cents!" repeated Old Bush with asperity. "Gentlemen, the biddist is crazy! I'll start the ball a-rolling myself. I'll bid two dollars! Two dollars—Two dollars—Two dollars! Anybody make it two-fifty? Do I hear it? Two fifty?"

"Two-fifty!" yelled a freshman.

"Class to you! Two-fifty,— Now I'm waiting for three! Three dollars I am bid! Three dollars, three dollars! Three dollars once! Three dollars, twice! Come on ye wise men of means! Three dollars, three times!"

"I'll take it," howled a voice.

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"Sold, to you, Brother Koppel, for the ridiculously low price of three dollars!

"Now, fellows," proceeded Bush, with scarcely a pause for breath, "here are five nearly new collars! They run, let me see, from size 12½ to size 16. They're a bargain! If they don't fit you, make a present of 'em to your kid brother or your dad! Fathers cry for 'em as well as their children! Did I hear 60 cents for the lot? Sixty cents—sixty cents—sixty cents! Ah!—Seventy! Seventy! Seventy! Going at seventy! Going—going—gone! I'm glad its you, Pinkey. You made a wonderful purchase!"

Old Bush perspired at his work.

"What's the matter with selling those new books on the shelves?" snapped the freshman, Browne. "*They're* worth something; we'll have to use 'em next year!"

Old Bush Hale turned to Browne. "I'll have to consult with the owner," he answered. But after a few moments of consultation he announced laconically:

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"Not to be auctioned! Sacrifice would be too great among such a cheap bunch."

"Rats!" yelled Browne. "This is a fake."

"But here, gentlemen," went on the auctioneer, ignoring the dissatisfied one, "here is a real bargain! Here are the football togs that were worn by the most marvelous captain of them all! Here are Long John Henderson's pants! What am I bid?"

"Are you going to auction those books?" demanded Browne.

"What will Long John's pants bring from this galaxy of college patriots?" persisted Bush. "What? Not a sou? For shame!"

"The books!" snarled Browne.

"Nobody wants Long John's pants? Fie! Fie upon you!"

"I'll take 'em!" It was Windy Riggs. "Thirty cents!" he offered.

"Sold!" yelled Bush before Windy had time to recover himself.

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The crowd howled as Windy was given his property.

"Now, gentle bargain-hunters, the books! If Mr. Browne thinks it's a fake unless we offer them for sale, why of course that settles it. There are twenty volumes on the shelves which the class of 1912 will use next year! If anybody wants to bid for all of them in a lump, as a speculation, I'll start her off with seven dollars!"

"Seven-fifty!" shouted Browne.

"Eight dollars!" It was Sherry.

"Eight dollars—eight dollars—eight dollars!"

"Ten!"

"Ten and a quarter!"

"Eleven!" Browne had a determined look in his eyes. "They'll sell for eighteen dollars, next fall!" he confided to a companion.

"Eleven—eleven—eleven! Am I bid twelve?" droned Bush. "Am I bid twelve? Eleven once! Eleven twice! E—leven th—three times! Brother

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"HERE ARE LONG JOHN HENDERSON'S PANTS! WHAT AM I BID?"
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PROPERTY
OF THE
NEW-YORK
SOCIETY LIBRARY

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Browne they're yours, at eleven dollars!"

The sale went on. Shirts, caps, gloves, ink-wells, baseball bats and football paraphernalia. In thirty minutes fully forty per cent. of the stock was gone. At last it was all over; there was no more money in the crowd.

"Nearly fifty dollars!" exclaimed Stub when he and the auctioneer were left alone in the store. "Bush, you're a peach!" And Stub grasped his friend by the hand. "The sky is clearer, now," he said gratefully. "This will help a lot, an awful lot."

"I suppose it will," answered Bush. "Things have been pretty bad, haven't they?"

Stub nodded vacantly; he had just mentally calculated that the forty-seven dollars and twenty cents he held in his hand would at best last Mrs. Lang just three weeks, or scarcely until college closed! There was still the summer to be provided for!

Old Bush watched him closely.

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"Stub, you're an idiot!" he declaimed softly, after a pause, "a good idiot, but still an idiot. Everybody thinks you're a cheat—" Bush gazed steadily at the younger man—"but you're not; you're just an idiot. You've got a duty to—"

"Quit it!" interrupted Stub. "Please, Bush. You've been fine. Don't stir up that old thing, please."

"All right," the other responded quickly, "we'll talk it over some other time, then."

Stub made no reply.

Old Bush arose and left the room. Upon his face was a satisfied expression, for at last the college had found its way into the store, and Stub Barrows had, by his silence, consented to a consultation on the skin-roll affair.

Old Bush chuckled: "Even idiots have been known to recover their senses," he said aloud.

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CHAPTER XXIV

THE BOARD OF STRATEGY

"I SAID we'd have to stop him, fellows, and, by jiminy, we will!" declared Billy Hazen fiercely. "He's going to let things go on just as they have. It's all right for him to be broke; maybe he likes it! But *we've got* to clear him from being a cheat! It's a cinch he isn't going to do it himself."

Old Bush Hale nodded, and Pinkey and Sherry chorused: "I should say so!"

It was Monday evening, the thirteenth of June, and the four friends were seated upon the base of the Bishop's statue on the campus.

"I'm ready for anything you can propose, even if you are a freshman, Bill," agreed Old Bush. "We fellows have been a sort of board of strategy for Stub. We can continue to be, I guess. But

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what we got left to do?" Old Bush at last seemed discouraged.

"Do!" snapped Bill. "Make him own up; that's what *I'm* going to do!"

"Nobody would believe him now if he did, Bill." Old Bush shook his head. "It's too late, and besides he won't; I've tried him times without number."

"Won't he? If Prex. Harmsworth gets after him, he will! And I'm going to get after Prex. in the morning! Prex. would believe him!" Bill arose and banged the air to emphasize his words. "See you in the morning, fellows. I'm going up to my room." He stalked across the campus toward Gerald, head erect, fists clenched.

A moment later Old Bush Hale, with a mumbled good night, started slowly toward the Saint George Tavern. Sherry and Pinkey were alone.

"Things are in a fine fix," growled the latter. "Stub makes me sick. Let him defend his Lang if he wants to, but—"

The tow-head nodded gloomily.

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Pinkey went on: "Here it is; exams over, and Founders' Day only next Saturday! and we've got about as much chance to win the Junior Cup as a rabbit has to own an automobile! Stub's to blame! Confound it! If he didn't cheat he ought to have said so. He has no right to bring disgrace on the class like this!"

Sherry knotted his brows.

"Cut it out, Pinkey," he ordered. "It's bad enough as it is. But I figure we ought to let a fellow decide for himself what's right. Lang was sick. Stub acted the way he thought was square, and—"

"Pooh!" Pinkey broke in. "I've heard all that before; but just the same, next Saturday on Founders' Day, at Junior Hour, the class of 1911 gets the Junior Cup and we don't!"

Sherry had no sure refutation for this argument.

"I suppose they will!" he answered sorrowfully, "unless, Pinkey, we could find some way of proving that Stub didn't use that skin-roll and that he's been

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shielding Lang all this time. We'd have to do it unbeknown to Stub. But if we could, Pinkey, we could then say: 'See! We even punish our own best men and make them prove themselves innocent before we let up!' It would be the greatest thing for the honor system that ever happened!"

Instantly Pinkey caught the idea. "And for the class, too!" he cried enthused.

"And for the class, too!" Sherry admitted.

"And we could say also," Pinkey went on, " 'and see what kind of men the Honor System produces! Self-sacrificing heroes!' By George, we'll win the Junior Cup yet, Sherry! It's a cinch!"

Sherry broke the spell by a bitter laugh.

"Cinch!" he repeated with a shrug of his shoulders, "Cinch! It would be, Pinkey, if we had the proofs—*but we haven't!*"

Pinkey came back to earth with a thud.

"Aaw, let's go to bed," he grunted.

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At this time Washington had won the first game of the Coventry series, one to nothing, and had gone down to defeat in the second by a score of five to two. This last had happened on the Saturday prior to the conversation just narrated. On the Wednesday to follow, two days later, the final game of the series would be fought out. The following Saturday was Founders' Day and then the Junior Cup would be awarded and its custodian appointed. The under-classmen were on tiptoes. Even the fact that as yet the rules committee had rendered no decision on the sophomore protest of the underclass games had been nearly lost to sight. Everything was Junior Cup and baseball; baseball and Junior Cup!

It was nine-thirty, bright and warm, on the morning of Tuesday, June fourteenth, when Billy Hazen rapped on the office door of the President of Washington.

"Come in," called a voice.

Billy entered.

"Why, hello, Hazen! What can I do

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for you?" Prexy Harmsworth sat at a large flat-top desk which was strewn with papers, and he smiled over the top of his nose-glasses.

Billy was embarrassed and moved towards him haltingly.

Prexy arose to his immense height. He tugged at his black mustache, and with the most solemn face imaginable whispered:

"You haven't committed any murder, have you, Hazen?"

Billy stared at him blankly.

"No sir," he replied earnestly, "but Stub Barrows—"

"Has?" broke in Prexy.

"No, no, sir, he's just a chump!"

"Ah, that's better," sighed the giant, and his solemn expression changed to a laugh.

"Yes, sir," went on Billy, "I came to ask you to help him, Dr. Harmsworth. You see, he didn't cheat, sir, at the autumn tests last year. He's shielding Lang; I

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know it. Lang wasn't right in his head when he fixed up that skin-roll. I've been on to that. I—I mean I've felt sure of that a long time, Doctor. The Langs haven't any money, sir, and I'm dead certain Stub's been giving them his allowance. And that's—"

Dr. Harmsworth resumed his chair and gazed with interest at the speaker.

"Wait a minute, my boy," he interrupted. "I've wondered about that affair in your class ever since I first heard of it. But I decided to let you fellows settle it among yourselves. It's been messed, I see; I'm sorry."

"Messed? You bet it has, sir!" declared Billy fervently.

"But tell me, Hazen," went on the President. "You say Lang was the one who really cheated last fall; why has Barrows waited, then, until this late day to explain his real position?"

"He hasn't explained it!" cried Billy eagerly. "That's it. That's why I came

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to see you, sir. I want *you* to *make* him explain, Doctor. He won't own up! I want you to make him!"

"Oh—ho!" commented the Doctor.

"Yes, sir. You see the fellows wouldn't buy in the store this year, and now Stub's broke, Doctor, and college is 'most over, so he can't give the Langs any more money.

"But the Langs need money, Doctor, for this summer, they do! And Stub would do most anything for 'em—he'd even own up! Don't you see the point, sir? Won't you lend Stub some money, please? He could pay you back next year; the fellows will buy in the store then. Lend it to him, please, Doctor, so he can give it to the Langs! But when you do it—" Billy leaned forward and gazed intently at the big President, "when you do it, sir, please tell him that he's got to tell you the real truth about this awful business or he doesn't get the money! Oh, he'll tell, Doctor, for that! I don't care about the money; neither

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would he for himself; but it's different as it is, and to have Stub Barrows finish up this year as a convicted cheat is more than I can stand!"

Billy was a picture of earnestness. For a moment the giant President made no answer. Then, slowly:

"My boy, I am deeply sorry for you and for Barrows, too; but I can't do what you suggest. Some day you'll see how impossible it would be for me to do such a thing. I don't ask you to try to understand it now. I'm sorry for you all. By George! I am. You better go back to Stub and see what you can do with him; that's what I'd do, Bill. I have been on the point myself several times lately of asking him about the store. It hasn't paid, as you say. But next year, of course, it may be different."

The Doctor arose and placed a kindly hand on Billy's shoulder. "Try Stub out a few more times, Bill," he said. "Come back Monday and tell me what luck you've had."

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But to Billy everything in the world suddenly seemed hopeless and black; he had already tried every way he knew to make his chum confess, and besides, by next Monday, college would practically be over.

Now, while Billy and Doctor Harmsworth talked, Pinkey Coatsworth and Sherry lay upon the soft grass of the campus near the Bishop and awaited the time when they might learn the result of the interview with Prexy.

"Great Scott, Pinkey," declared Sherry with vehemence, "I hope Bill fixed things. It's awful. Of course, I care that the class is going to lose the Junior Cup, but just the same the main thing is poor old Stub!"

Pinkey threw his cap to the ground, impatiently. "That's all right, Sherry," he replied. "Lots of the class now believe that Lang is the guilty party; they've thought so for a long time; but everybody feels, any way they look at it, that Stub is the cause for our losing the Junior

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Cup! And we're going to lose it, Sherry, that's sure!"

Sherry sat up.

"For every fellow that thinks Stub innocent," he announced decidedly, "there are three that think he's guilty! That's what worries me!"

"Me, too," protested Pinkey, "but just the same—"

"Hello, Sherry!"

The tow-head turned around.

"Hello, Browne!" he answered.

Browne, spelled with an e, stood over the two on the grass.

"Say," he began, "lots of the fellows say Lang was the duck that used that skin-roll. I don't want to do a fellow an injustice. I thought I saw Barrows drop it and pick it up, but maybe I only saw him *pick it up.* What does Barrows say about it? You fellows know him well."

Sherry made no attempt to answer this, but turned his head away angrily. Pinkey, however, blurted forth:

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"Barrows never did deny it, and he won't do it now, the crazy chump!"

"Well, he ought to if he's innocent," said Browne; "it's going to cost us the cup."

"It wouldn't if we could prove that Lang did it."

Browne thought a moment.

"Y—es," he drawled, "but we can't! I tell you what I'm going to do; I'm going to see Velvet Jones and see if this class is going to suffer because it punishes its own men and thereby proves the *good* results of the honor system!"

Pinkey brightened.

"That's just the idea Sherry and I had!" he declared. "Go on and do it!"

Browne walked away.

"Well, of all the fools, you are the prize one!" snorted Sherry as soon as Browne, spelled with an e, was out of ear shot.

Pinkey stared at his friend.

"Why?" he asked amazedly.

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CHAPTER XXV

VELVET JONES IS CONVERTED

On this same morning Stub Barrows was up early and down on the athletic field to practice throwing to second. In his heart he felt that his slowness in this had been the prime cause of losing the game to Coventry on the previous Saturday. He was determined not to let such a thing occur again. The final game was now but little more than twenty-four hours away and Stub worked hard.

His work, however, was the result of sheer will power, for his mind was in a state of chaos on account of the predicament of Mrs. Lang and Raf. The money obtained from the auction sale had been used up for some days. The long months of the summer stared them in the face.

What could the widow and sick man do? In a few days college would be closed,

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and it would be too late for Stub to help them.

As he hurled ball after ball with all his might from home plate to little Tom Bailey at second he rejected a dozen plans for their aid. Suddenly, a complete review of his freshman year flashed through his mind.

There was no doubt about it; he, Stub, would be the cause of the loss of the Junior Cup to 1912, his class. Had he been fair to this class? Perhaps not. There was the honor system, too! He had hoped so much for it. If the college at large would only adopt it now—he put the dream from him.

Yet, for no consideration would he have acted differently, were he to live the year over again.

But now, to-day, he knew the final time for action had come! The Langs must be provided for!

Of a sudden, a light of hope shone in his eyes.

"I've had enough for a while, Bailey,"

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he called, and left the athletic field for his room.

As he reached it he came face to face with Billy Hazen.

"Bill!" he cried, "I wonder if Prex. is in his office!"

"He is; but you'd better not go to see him, if that's what's in your mind."

"W—why," Stub stammered, "wh—what's the matter?"

And then Billy told him; told him of his interview with Doctor Harmsworth which had just been concluded.

"Oh!" Stub gasped, "I see. You oughtn't to have done that, Bill; but that's all right. Then—then I guess it's no use for me to go to him."

Bill shook his head.

"No use," he repeated.

Stub shut his jaws.

"There may be one more chance," he muttered between his teeth. "Just one. Where's Dutch Koppel?"

"Just went over by the Bishop. Pinkey and Sherry are there."

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Instantly Stub was gone.

During this momentous morning, while Billy pleaded before Doctor Harmsworth, and while Pinkey, lying upon the campus, witlessly gave his confidence to Browne, spelled with an e, and while Stub, worried about the honor system and Raf Lang, that honorable body known as the rules committee on athletics sat in the Latin room and fought among themselves in an endeavor to reach a decision on the sophomore protest of the under-class games. It was the sixth protracted and distracted session held to settle the subject. Three weeks and more had passed since the protest was received; the committee was deadlocked.

The cause of the trouble had been that Velvet Jones, in advocating the sophomore side, attacked Stub personally, and thus aligned against him Canary Evans and Big Foot Martin. Velvet and Maudlin Hawkins, the baseball manager, not only insisted that the sophomore protest be allowed, but that the faculty be

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petitioned to prevent Barrows from returning to college the next fall. Long John Henderson, the fifth and graduate member of the committee, held to a strict neutrality and kept his hands off! Thus the deadlock continued. At the sixth attempt to agree, matters appeared no better than before.

"Great Scott, Big Foot!" Velvet declared, "there's nothing to it; a foul was committed; Barrows did it. Therefore Barrows should be ruled out of the race. That'll give the games to the sophomores! We've talked this out a thousand times!"

Big Foot Martin shot back an angry answer.

"So you want to prevent as good an athlete as we have in the college from coming back next year, because he committed a foul?" he sneered. "You're a dummy!"

"That's not the reason," returned Velvet hotly; "he's practically a confessed cheat. A man that'll cheat once

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will cheat twice, and there's no room at Washington for such cattle! You bet my motion that the sophomore protest be allowed still carries with it that that fellow mustn't come back here next year! I don't care if he's the best athlete on earth!"

"The motion'll never get my vote," answered Big Foot doggedly.

"Nor mine," put in Canary with decision.

"Gentlemen, it's noon," announced Long John Henderson. "Let's go to dinner. You fellows cool off and be back here at two o'clock. I've got a scheme to propose. I think we can all agree on it."

Outside on the walk, Browne, spelled with an e, awaited the adjournment. As soon as Velvet appeared he buttonholed him.

"Say, Velvet," he began, when he succeeded in halting the junior in a corner near the doors of Southam Towers. "Say, Velvet, you remember you told me once if

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I ever needed anything to come to you?"

Velvet looked bored. "Yes, yes. What is it, Brownie?" he answered.

"Well, you remember when we came to college last fall you said that the junior class was the freshmen's foster father? Well, it's about the honor system, Velvet, that I want to see you."

Velvet's eyes glinted.

"Honor system, eh?"

"Yes," went on Browne glibly. "The freshmen need your class's help like a foster son would; they do, Velvet. We don't feel that your class recognizes that our class is still run by the honor system. But it is, Velvet. We've had a pretty rough time on account of—of—well, giving names won't do any good."

"That's right, it won't," Velvet broke in with impatience.

"Then don't you think the rest of the college ought to accept the honor system and be governed by a senate, too?"

Velvet laughed. "Why?" he asked.

"Because we've proved that the system

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is the best in the world!" the freshman answered instantly. "It's so good, Velvet, that we punish our own culprits! Not only that, but we develop men who will even admit the fact that their own best friends are guilty!"

"What you mean?"

"I mean that Pinkey Coatsworth told me just now that it was his idea, and Sherrill's too, that I go to see you and ask you if our class should suffer because we punish our own men and thereby prove that the honor system is a good thing! That admits that their friend Barrows is guilty, doesn't it?"

Velvet Jones narrowed his eyes.

"I'm converted!" he declared slowly. "Sure! I'm converted to the honor system!"

Browne's eyes shone. "Oh!" he began.

"But not to your honor system, Browne!" interrupted Velvet. "I don't like your style! But from now on I'm in favor of the freshman honor system; be-

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cause it has unearthed one of the worst scoundrels this college ever saw!"

Browne's jaw fell.

"Oh, I don't mean you, Browne," taunted Velvet, and without further ado he left the freshman where he stood.

At two o'clock the rules committee resumed their sitting.

"Gentlemen, I would suggest," began Long John Henderson. "that you compromise this matter. I'd suggest—"

Velvet jumped to his feet.

"Compromise nothing!" he declared. "This man Barrows's best friends admit he's a cheat!"—and here Velvet related what Browne had told him. "It's our duty, therefore, to see that he does not return to this college next year!"

Velvet sat down.

"That does make the thing look different," Long John admitted. "There seems to be no doubt that the sophomores are entitled to the meet, and little doubt, too, that Barrows is an undesirable man for this institution—"

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Big Foot Martin arose at this.

"Keep cool, now! Don't be hasty!" admonished Long John. "I would say that we award the meet to the sophomores; but, instead of petitioning the faculty to prevent Barrows's return, I'd say we send a note direct to Barrows himself, and tell him that it is the advice of this committee that he should not attempt to come back in the fall. He could take that anyway he wanted, and it wouldn't be so brutal."

Big Foot Martin nearly exploded in an effort properly to express his feelings.

"You fellows make me sick!" he finally managed to roar. "For my part, I'm through with this whole business! This fellow Barrows has played under Canary and he's played under me, and, I don't give a rip what anybody says, he's a man! I won't be here next year, and neither will Canary; but if you fellows want to ruin athletics in this college, it'll be your funeral, not ours!"

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Big Foot glared at his opponents; then, without another word, left the room.

Canary Evans was just as angry, but calmer.

"You've got the majority now," he stated incisively. "I suppose the matter is settled. You know what I think of Barrows and this whole business. I'm with Martin—every word! Personally I don't care about the athletic end of it. I hold that because a villain is an athlete is no reason why he should not be punished. But this man is no villain, and some day you fellows will understand it! There's no further need for me to stay here, and I'm through."

Canary went out, and started for the Saint George Tavern.

On the walk Browne talked excitedly with Pinkey and Sherry.

"We've got the Junior Cup won, fellows!" he exulted. "Won! Sure as shooting! The meeting's out! There goes Evans now!"

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"Yes, Browne, and here come Dutch Koppel and Stub Barrows," gloated Sherry as his eyes turned to a pair who approached from across the campus.

"I see 'em," responded the other nervously. "I guess I've got to be going, fellows."

And into the depths of Southam Towers darted Browne, spelled with an e.

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CHAPTER XXVI

A PLEA FOR HELP

"I've been with him since morning," said Dutch Koppel, after Stub had gone up to his room. "He wants to say something to the class. I told him we'd have a special meeting this afternoon. Be in the Latin room at four o'clock, boys; will you?"

"Don't you know what he wants to say, Dutch?" asked Sherry.

"Sure I do, but I'm not going to tell you."

"Well!" put in Pinkey indignantly, "I think we're entitled to know if—"

But Dutch was on his way down the walk. "Four o'clock! Be on time!" he called over his shoulder.

The tow-head and his excitable companion stormed, but were in the Latin

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room with the rest of their classmates an hour and a half later.

Meantime evil news had spread like wildfire. Dutch was in the chair on the raised platform at the end of the Latin room as the class assembled, and pounded vainly for order.

"To think they'd give the meet to the sophomores!" cried many a voice.

"And after we'd won it fair and square!" moaned others.

"It's a shame!"

"A dirty trick!"

"Order!" bellowed Dutch. "Keep quiet, you fellows in the back of the room!" Dutch's gavel banged Professor Hamilton's desk. "We've come here for a special purpose!" he shouted. "Shut up!"

A semblance of order was finally restored.

"Mr. Barrows has asked that he be given a chance to address you," went on the class president. "Under the circumstances I've thought it best to grant his

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request." He turned to Stub. "Mr. Barrows, we will hear you now."

A few in a corner groaned slightly as Stub arose; otherwise a tense silence greeted him.

"Fellows, I've come before you," Stub said in a low voice, "I've come before you to make an ap—appeal to you. I'm much obliged for giving me this chance. Fellows, the class of 1912 has suffered much at my hands. I know it. I don't suppose any of you will believe me when I tell you how terribly I have felt because of this; but it's so just the same. It hurts when I think that the honor system has gone down because of my actions, and that the Junior Cup is probably lost. It's—"

"Cut out the blub, Barrows! What do you want?" The words rang from a voice in the corner, and the class turned upon the sneering leer of Browne, spelled with an e.

Stub answered the sneerer quickly.

"It's not a blub," said he. "I'm talking

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honest. But there's no more to say on that end of it!" His gray eyes flashed with the fire of determination.

"Fellows," he declared, his voice rising, "it's been all right to punish me. You've never heard me peep. But it hasn't been all right for you to make another suffer at the same time. I'm talking about Raf Lang, fellows. He's poor, and so is his mother. You fellows have boycotted the store. That was your privilege. But you've taken the bread and butter away from Lang, who's sick and helpless, when I'm the man you wanted to hit! It isn't fair! I never would have said a word, you can bet! But Raf's got a dilated heart—he'll be in bed for weeks more and if you fellows hadn't boycotted the store he and his mother might have had money enough to carry them through the summer!"

Stub was speaking fast; his face was bloodless. The class hung on every word.

"Men of nineteen twelve!" he went on. "You've got a duty! It's a duty to

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a helpless classmate whom you've knocked down! Yes, knocked down!"

Nineteen twelve moved uneasily.

"I'm not saying this to settle any grudge. But the hard fact is this, fellows." Stub leaned forward; his voice was even. "The hard fact is this: that if Mrs. Lang does not get one hundred and fifty dollars before college closes, she won't be able to take care of her son this summer!

"Men, I ask the class of nineteen twelve to right the wrong they've done a helpless fellow. I ask them to give that fellow the money they have kept from him by their boycott of the store; I ask them to raise the one hundred and fifty dollars which is—which is—" the words burst from him, "which is rightfully due him!"

Stub sat down. The class was dumfounded. Instantly Sherry was on his feet; but Dutch Koppel had recognized a stocky man in the corner.

"Do I understand?" Browne, spelled with an e, began in a slow, scornful tone,

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" do I understand that the speaker actually considers that the class of 1912 owes Lang this money? I guess my ears served me correctly. I think the speaker's got a nerve, that's what I think. It's pretty generally understood that if the speaker didn't use that skin-roll last year, our revered and much-abused friend Lang did!"

Browne paused.

"Aaay, Aaay!" cried a number of voices.

"This isn't fair!" shouted Stub.

Bang! went Dutch's gavel. "Order!" he thundered. "Go on, Mr. Browne!"

Browne continued:

"For the life of me I can't see why either of them are entitled to any consideration at this class's hands. Of course it would be a pretty and a charitable act to raise this money. And if you want to put it on that basis—why—"

"By Jiminy Jinks!" yelled Sherry, red with rage as he jumped to his feet and shook his fist at the speaker. "You're a—!"

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"Sit down!" shouted the class.

"Not much! Browne is—"

"Sit down!" and Sherry sat, for Stub reached up and caught him by the collar.

"Put him out!" bellowed a dozen voices.

"No, no!" cried others.

Bang! went Dutch's gavel.

"There're at least some here who don't believe we owe them any lasting debt!" shouted Browne, spelled with an e.

"Aaay Aaay!"

"We've lost the sophomore meet on account of a certain man; we've lost the Junior Cup, and now we're asked to lose our money! It's ridiculous!" Browne forced a harsh laugh, and took his seat.

"I'll tell you fellows something!" A brown-haired, lithe chap was on the floor.

"Mr. Hazen!" acknowledged Dutch.

"It's this!" yelled Billy in a tone which shook, as he tried to speak calmly. "I've known Stub Barrows since we were kids! He's never denied even to me, that he cheated last fall! But just as sure as my name's Hazen, I know he didn't!"

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"Who did, then?" interrupted a voice.

"I don't know; but if it was Lang, the poor kid was so sick when he did it, he didn't know any better! I'm dead sure that Stub didn't cheat!"

"Prove it!" cried Browne.

"Fellows, that's got nothing to do with this thing!" It was Stub himself.

Again Dutch Koppel's gavel resounded on the desk. "Cut it out!" he shouted. "This is no riot!"

"Let 'em go it!" yelled a new faction.

"You bet!"

Things were against Stub; Dutch saw it.

"Order!" His gavel pounded the desk.

At last the uproar ceased.

"This is a serious business," he shouted. "Let's cool down first before we act. Day after to-morrow is our regular meeting to elect next year's officers. Let's decide it then. The nine plays Coventry to-morrow, and we've all got to be together for old Washington!"

"Move we adjourn!" cried a voice.

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"Second the motion!" yelled another.

"Mr. President! Mr. President!" shouted Stub. "Don't—aren't you going to help—help Lang?"

"You're out of order!" returned Dutch, firmly. "All in favor of adjourning say 'Aye!'"

"Aye!" yelled the crowd.

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CHAPTER XXVII

TEN INNINGS

"By George, Stub, I couldn't do anything else," exclaimed Dutch Koppel; "the crowd was against you. But you wait, I'll fix it day after to-morrow. Leave it to me."

It was supper time, and the two sat on the window seat in Stub's room. Billy had just left them after a last futile effort to get Stub to confess.

As Dutch ceased speaking, voices from the hall reached them.

"You can wait until after the game to-morrow, can't you, Velvet?" It was Big Foot Martin, angry to the core.

"What's right after the game is right before!" answered Velvet. "I'm going in—*now!*"

"You're a fool!" snapped Big Foot.

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A knock resounded on the door.

"Come in!" called Stub. He met the visitors in the middle of the room, utter astonishment on his face.

"This man's crazy!" blurted Big Foot, with a jerk of his head toward Velvet.

Canary Evans and Old Bush, who had both entered with them, stood against the wall, silent and watchful.

"Here's a communication for you, Barrows. It's from the rules committee." Velvet Jones handed Stub a sealed note, then left the room.

Stub read the note slowly, and sank on the edge of his Morris chair.

"You've got enemies, old man," Canary whispered. "That's all this means. The rules committee be hanged!"

"To be so rotten you're not wanted in the college!" Stub muttered. "What'll Raf do now?"

Dutch, Old Bush and Canary stood over him. Big Foot Martin paced the room. For minutes his footsteps were the only breaks in the silence. At last the tension

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was too much for him. He stopped before the freshman.

"That whelp of a Jones I'll—" he gulped.

"He thinks he's doing right!" put in Canary.

"Right! Thunder!!" roared the baseball captain. "Is it right to shoot the team to pieces before we play Coventry? Look at this fellow!" Big Foot stepped to the side of Stub's chair. "Wha—wha—what you going to do, Stub?" he asked, his voice shaking.

Stub raised his head slowly. His eyes were full, but he turned them squarely upon those of his captain. He'd made his fight, and the battle was won. "Do?" he repeated steadily. "If you'll let me, Big Foot, I'll play to-morrow to the best of my ability."

The day of the Coventry game opened blazing hot, and the sun shone brilliantly from earliest morning. Long before noon, the campus was dotted with groups

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of "old grads.," seniors, majestic in cap and gown and gesticulating under-classmen. All excitedly discussed the chances of the team.

The batting order of both nines had just been announced. It was as follows:

WASHINGTON	COVENTRY
Clarkson, L. F.	Galloway, C. F.
Whittier, R. F.	Warren, L. F.
Cleves, C. F.	Miles, 2nd B.
Martin, 1st B.	Blain, 3d B.
Bailey, 2nd B	Pratt, 1st B.
MacDonald, 3d B.	Taylor, R. F.
Randolph, S. S.	Jordan, S. S.
Barrows, C.	Daley, C.
Evans, P.	Norton, P.

Right after dinner, Sherry burst into the Barrows and Hazen study.

"Where's Stub?" he cried.

Billy was bent over a trunk. He gave a backward movement to his arm. "In his bedroom," he grunted.

"Oh, Stub! here's a telegram for you!" the tow-head called. "Thought it might be from a girl, so I opened it. Your dad's coming!"

Stub stepped from his sleeping quarters.

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"What!" he cried, and read the message. "Bill! Dad'll be here at five-thirty this afternoon! Come down to the depot with me after the game, will you? Thank you for bringing it up, Sherry."

Billy Hazen straightened. "You bet I'll go down with you!" he answered. "What you going to do about packing your baseball togs? Big Foot said you could take 'em home, didn't he?"

Stub thought a minute. "Sure! I'll bring 'em up right after the game. There'll be time. I can pack 'em to-morrow."

"You'd better," warned Billy. "The locker room's open to everybody after the last game, you know."

Suddenly on the campus, a band struck up "Glory to Old Washington." Sherry jumped to the window. "Jiminy!" he cried, "look at the crowd! I'm going down. Come on, Bill!"

The two rushed for the campus. Stub followed a little later, but went directly to the gym.

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Near the Bishop, the Governor's Guard Band played their best. Around them were gathered something like three hundred interested students of Washington College.

"This way, fellows!" shouted Long John Henderson. "Get in behind the band!"

Alumni and undergraduates obeyed his orders, and almost instantly a long line of fours was formed.

"Forward—march!" cried Long John.

The parade started.

Twice around the campus they went; down to the athletic field and round the cinder path.

It was nearing two o'clock. The grand stand was filled to overflowing. As the procession passed it, hundreds of fair hands waved Old Gold and Blue flags, and, if the truth be told, not a few held aloft defiantly the flaming red of Coventry.

At the south bleachers the marchers halted, broke ranks, and scrambled for

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seats. Across the field was the confident enemy.

Bally Clay stood in front of the Washington stands. A megaphone was at his lips.

"Altogether, fellows, now!" he roared. The college responded:

"Waw-shington! Waw-shington! Waw-shington!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Washington! The nine!
Coventry! Coventry! Coventry!"

Coventry arose and returned the compliment.

The opposing nines appeared. Again the two colleges poured forth their praises. The band played "'Neath the Elms." As the music stopped, the only sounds were the crack of the bats as the teams practiced, and the strictly feminine buzz in the grand stand.

Practice over, the two captains consulted with the umpires at home plate. Blair of Coventry waved to his men, and the red-stockinged team went out in the field.

"Play ball!" yelled the umpire.

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California Joe Clarkson was first up, and swung his heavy bat determinedly. "Skinny Frank" Norton, the Coventry pitcher, tied himself into a knot and hurled a fast drop.

"Ball—*one!*"

"Take it easy, Joey! That's the eye!" called the crowd.

"Skinny Frank" moistened his fingers and pitched again.

"Ball two!" cried the umpire.

"Wait for him, Joey! Take your time!" advised Washington.

Clarkson smiled confidently.

Skinny Frank couldn't settle down, and Joe took his base.

"Aaay! Aaay!" yelled the crowd.

Billy Whittier came to bat.

"Strike one!"

Like a deer Clarkson started for second, and made it.

"Wow!" shouted Washington.

Billy Whittier struck out; Adonis Cleves singled, and Clarkson, with the speed of the wind, scored.

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"Yeow! Yeow!" shrieked the Washingtonians. "Clarkson! Clarkson!"

For two innings the joy of the south stand was unconfined. During that period Coventry only got one man to bases, and Stub Barrows, by a beautiful throw to Randolph, put out that lone individual as he attempted to steal second.

In the third inning, however, the red-stockinged contingent began to display their real ability. Two men were out when Canary Evans sent Norton to first on balls, and Calloway, a rawboned center fielder, stepped up to the plate.

"Kill it, Cal!" shouted Coventry.

Calloway spit on his hands and looked vicious.

Crack! Away the leather went over the center fielder's head. Calloway sped for the initial bag and Norton flew to second.

"Third! Third!"

Around the diamond the Coventry pitcher sped, hair flying; he looked like a scared cat. Calloway was hot after him.

"Home!" cried the crowd.

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Skinny Frank barely touched the last sack, and dashed for the plate.

"Wow! Wow! Easy!"

Calloway, however, was nipped as he slid for third, and that ended the inning.

But the score was tied!

Coventry shouted. Hats flew high; red flags waved. Skinny Frank was proud and happy as he walked to the bench.

Washington took the lead again in the next inning by scoring one run. But Coventry came back in her half and banged out two!

This made it three to two in Coventry's favor at the end of the fourth.

Coventry was frantic with glee. Washington rose in the south bleachers and sang:

"Oh, the Old Gold and Blue
We are praying hard for you.
Play as you played in days of yore,
But if you cannot win
Just the same we'll chant our Hymn;
For we love you as we've never loved before.

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Glory, glory to Old Washington!
Glory, glory to Old Washington!
Glory, glory to Old Washington,
The mother of us all!"

There was no more scoring until the first half of the ninth. Coventry looked like a sure winner. "Now or never" was in the hearts of the Old Gold and Blue. Both stands cheered their loudest. Fair hands waved flags and banners. Billy Whittier stepped to the plate. As he did so, Washington rose once again and sang mightily:

"Washington was Old Washington
When Coventry was a pup.
Washington'll be Old Washington
When Coventry's covered up!
Oh, keep your seats just the same,
For we haven't begun to bat!
If Coventry thinks she's won this game,
She's talking through her hat!"

Norton let go a fast in-shoot. Billy Whittier's body snapped at it.

"Wow! Wow!"

Billy landed on second. Cleves sacri-

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ficed. Then Big Foot Martin rubbed his hands in the dust at the plate; waited for a ball and a strike to be called on him, and rapped out a three-base beauty.

"Oh! oh! oh!" shouted Washington, and Whittier, coming like a cyclone, tied the score!

The south stand went crazy. Grads. pounded freshmen; freshmen pounded grads.

Little Tom Bailey popped a fly which Miles grabbed at second, and Sandy MacDonald closed matters by fouling out.

Both colleges were on their feet; every man shouting at the top of his lungs and mauling his neighbor.

"Ten innings!" cried Sherry shrilly above the din. "Shut 'em out, Canary! We've got 'em now!"

Coventry's cheer leader ran madly up and down before his fellows, arms extended: "Wait a second, men!" he cried. "'Show me the Scotchman,' One, Two, Three!" And Coventry answered:

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"Show me the Scotchman who doesn't love the thistle;
Show me the Englishman who doesn't love the rose;
Show me the good man, son of old Coventry,
Who doesn't love the spot!
Boom! Boom!
Where the beech-tree grows!
Raay! Raay! Raay!
Hush—sh—ssh—ssh!
Booom! Aaaaah!
Coventry! Coventry! Coventry!
The Nine!"

"Randolph!" shrieked Washington. "Oh, Randy!" The stocky short-stop walked up to bat. He hit the first ball pitched, but Jordan grabbed it and threw him out at first.

Washington was breathless.

A big broad-shouldered fellow stood at the plate. Bally Clay waved his arms before the south stands. All differences were now forgotten.

"Barrows! Barrows! Barrows!" the college shouted.

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Stub faced the pitcher. The Coventry man smiled cynically and let go a slow, straight one.

"Strike one!"

Coventry shouted derisively.

"Strike two!"

Stub's jaws set. He banged the plate with his bat.

Crack! The ball shot straight for left field, but Warren missed it.

"Second! Second! Second!" Stub reached the second sack in the nick of time.

"Aaay! Aaay! Aaay!" yelled Washington.

Canary Evans flew out to center field.

Stub waited; then beat the throw and made his base.

It was two out and a man on third. The tension was terrific. California Joe Clarkson came up next.

"First man!" groaned Coventry.

"Show 'em where you live, Joe," called Washington; but the batsman paid them no attention.

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"Down with his arm, Stub," whispered Big Foot from the coaching line.

Stub was on his toes; every nerve alert. He danced away from the base, eyes glued on the pitcher.

Suddenly Skinny Frank whirled, and threw to Blain, the Coventry third-bag man. "Back! Back!" warned Big Foot. Stub made it. Blain tossed the sphere away disgustedly.

Norton pitched.

"Strike one!" cried the umpire.

Both bleachers were silent.

"'Way down, Stub! 'Way down!" called Big Foot crisply.

Stub, quarter-way home, moved like a panther about to spring.

"Strike two!" The Old Gold and Blue saw their chance to win fade into distance. Their red enemy cried out deliriously.

Norton, cool as an iceberg, glanced about him, twisted himself nearly double, and a swift drop came at the batsman. Ash met leather! The ball shot like a bullet down the third-base line. Stub's heart

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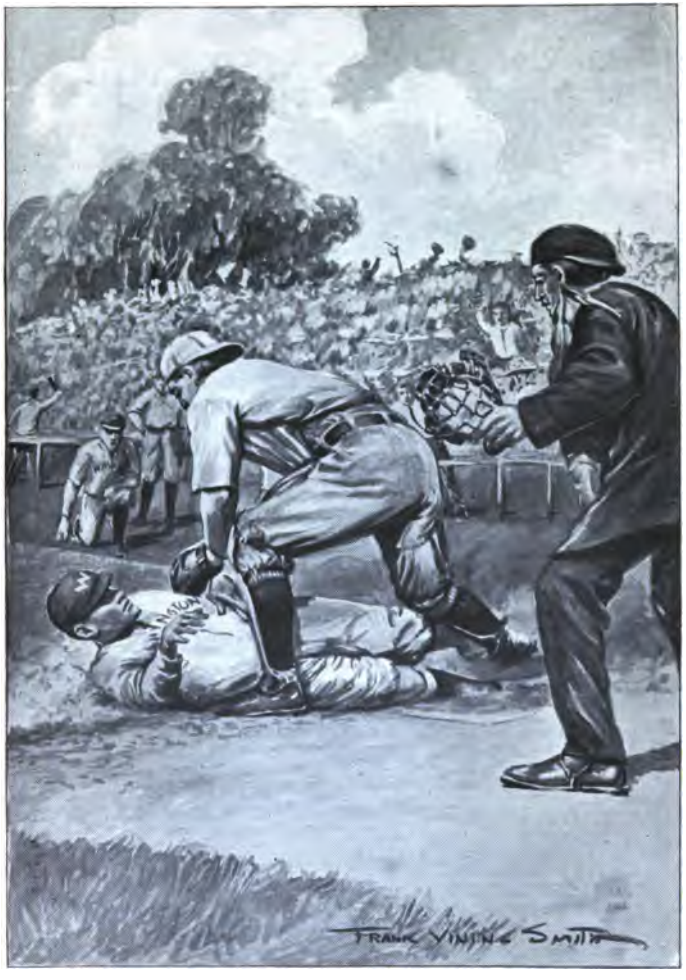

STUB SAW THE CATCHER SET FOR THE BALL ; AND THEN—HE PLUNGED!—*Page 315.*

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was in his mouth. If it struck him the game was gone! Like a flash he dodged it, and darted forward. Blain made a lightning stop and threw to catcher. On Stub went, head down.

"Oh! Oh! Slide!" shrieked Washington. "Slide!" Stub saw the catcher set for the ball; his muscles tightened; and then—he plunged!

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CHAPTER XXVIII

THE CATCHER'S MITT

"Yeow! Wow! Oh! Oh! Oh!" Washington surged upon the field. "Four to three! Oh! Oh! Oh! Four to three!" Men shrieked and pounded one another.

The nine jumped from the bench and fell upon Stub and Joe Clarkson:—

"What you think of him!"

"I guess he can't hit!"

"I guess he can't run!"

"Stubby!" A wild shriek came from Sherry. The tow-head leaped and landed squarely in the middle of his friend's back. "Oh, you old dumbhead! You old crazy dumbhead!"

Stub shook himself free with difficulty.

Ten yards away stood Bally Clay, hat off, perspiration dripping from his face. "Fellows!" he cried hoarsely, "Fellows!"

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He waved both arms for attention, "A long Washington with a Clarkson and a Barrows! Come on! One! Two! Three!"

Five hundred throats shouted their praise.

Coventry on her part began a farewell cheer; but Bally anticipated them. "Coventry now!" he cried.

Washington responded:

"Waw-shington! Waw-shington! Waw-shington!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Coventry! Coventry! Coventry!"

Then Coventry burst forth with her "Show me the Scotchman" and her "Hush" yell, and put three long Washingtons after it.

A dozen pairs of hands grabbed Stub and Joe Clarkson, and, before either realized what had happened, they were carried in triumph, on the shoulders of their college mates, off the field and over to the gym, half the college following behind them.

In the doorway of the gym stood Patsy

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Cahill. As soon as the last man of the nine had passed him, he put his hundred and sixty-three pounds of stumpy Irish against the onrushing throng.

"Back, yez blooming, wild eyed Orangemen!" he yelled, "does yez want to kill the brutes becaz they's won for yez? Git out of here!" He hurled an excited junior away and closed the door.

But Billy and Sherry had managed to slip by him. Both stood in front of their chum and helped him strip for his shower.

"Oh, old boy! Old boy!" repeated Sherry fervently. "Oh, old boy!" He could find no other words to express himself adequately.

Upon Billy's face was a grin which stretched from ear to ear.

"Jiminy!" he gasped. "When you slid, Stub, I thought your name was Dennis!"

Stub started for the shower. "Wait a second, fellows," said he; "I'll be right out."

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"I'll pick up your clothes while you're gone," answered Bill. "We take 'em up to the room with us, don't we? Mitt and all?"

"Sure," Stub yelled back. "Puff! Booh! Gee!" The shower was on.

As the bath progressed, Billy fidgeted. "It's five o'clock now, Stub," he cried. "Your dad's train'll be here in half an hour."

Outside, the shrieks of the joyous fans were ear-splitting. The college moved from the gym to the campus and cheered itself hoarse. Every man on the team was given separate and distinct "Long Washingtons."

In a few minutes Stub was dressed. With his baseball togs under his arm, he ran for his room. Billy and Sherry were at his heels.

"We'll, we'll wait—down here—for you, Stub," called Billy, as they reached their entry. He was nearly out of breath. "You've, you've got to get a move on you."

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The catcher bounded up the stairs.

Pinkey, Old Bush, and Dutch Koppel joined Billy and Sherry on the walk.

A moment later Stub returned.

"Come on, Bill," he cried as he dashed down the walk. "See you later, fellows!"

Sherry watched him a moment, a wondering expression upon his face, then, without warning, darted after him. "Stub! Oh, Stub!" he called. "Wait a minute!"

Stub turned, and Sherry caught up with him at the end of Gerald.

Old Bush, Dutch, and Pinkey kept their eyes upon them. They saw Stub nod his head and wave toward his room, and Sherry suddenly throw his hat high in the air.

"Yeow!" shrieked Sherry, and dashed back to them, the while Stub and Billy ran on for the car on Madison Street.

"The mitt is mine!" bawled the towhead as he reached them and whacked Pinkey across the back. "Stub's given me the mitt he caught to-day's game with!

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Yeow! Yeow! Wow!" He leaped into the air and dived for the entrance which leads to Stub's room. "Come on!" he invited.

Pinkey followed him; but Old Bush and Dutch remained on the walk.

"Let 'em go, the crazy bats!" commented the latter.

Old Bush grinned. "Sure," he answered, with a funny wrinkle in the corners of his mouth; "we're too old for such nonsense, aren't we?"

Near the Bishop's statue the mob shrieked wildly, and Old Bush and Dutch moved toward them.

In Stub's bedroom, Sherry and Pinkey were like two terriers after a rat.

"Where is it?" the latter cried.

"This bottom bureau drawer," answered Sherry, and he jerked the drawer wide open.

Cleated shoes flew back of him, grass-stained trousers, shirt, cap, and then—Sherry put his hand down upon the precious mitt!

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Pinkey peered over his companion's shoulder, eyes wide with envy. But, as Sherry's hand touched the mitt, Pinkey caught his breath. "What's that?" he gasped. He thrust his arm past Sherry and seized a packet of letters which the scramble had brought to light from beneath a pile of winter underclothes.

"What's what, Pink?"

Pinkey could not speak; but held up his "find" to view. Around the packet was a rubber band. And under the rubber band, lying snugly against two folded papers, was a thin roll of white paper an inch and a quarter wide! The ends of the roll were gummed to two matches!

Sherry snatched the packet from Pinkey's hands. "Give it to me!" he cried, and rushed to the study.

He slipped the roll from under the rubber band, unfurled it, and laid it out full length upon the table.

"Suffering snakes!" he murmured. "It's a skin-roll with—with higher algebra on it!"

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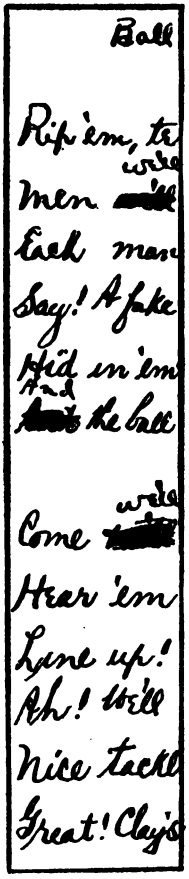
Pinkey's breath came fast. "Turn it over, Sher!" he whispered.

Mechanically the other obeyed. Both boys pored over it, and their eyes blinked in astonishment, for the back of the skin-roll looked as is shown on this page.



Sherry stared at it. Slowly the "Rip 'em," of the first line and the "Great! Clay's" of the last struck a chord in his memory.

"Pinkey!" he burst out, "I've thought of something!" He grabbed the skin-roll and packet of letters, bolted out the door and down the stairs. "Bush! Oh Bush!" he yelled, as he reached the campus. "Dutch! Come here!"

Neither he nor Pinkey

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waited, however. Instead they ran, top speed, to No. 21 Middlebury, the home of the *Washington Spectator*.

"Banta! who in thunder is 'Aquinas'?" cried Sherry, as they rushed into a sparsely furnished room which did duty as bed-chamber and editorial sanctum.

Banta was the "brains" of the *Spectator*. When Sherry came upon him, he was bent over a basin of water in an endeavor to cool off his valuable gray matter. He straightened and turned to his visitors.

"Are—are you going crazy, freshmen?" he sputtered. "What do you—"

"No, no," interrupted Sherry; "the—the fellow who wrote that—that poetry about football last fall—you remember—Aquinas! Who was he, Banta? Who—"

"Yes—who?" Pinkey helped out excitedly.

Old Bush and Dutch entered.

"Ah!—yes!" exclaimed Banta, ponderously, and from under his towel: "I understand now.—No, I don't know who

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he is. Never did know. Often wondered, too. He just signed it: 'Aquinas.' Pretty good, wasn't it? *Spectator* always gets good stuff. It's—"

"Don't—don't you know—honest?" broke in Sherry. "It's a case of life and death, almost!"

"Of course I don't," retorted Banta. "The *Spectator* would like to know; but—" Banta stepped to a pile of old *Spectators* in a corner. "Here's the number the poetry appeared in." He handed Sherry a copy of the newspaper. "Say, what's up, anyway?"

"Thanks," murmured Sherry. "I'll keep this?"

Banta nodded. "But say—"

"We'd better adjourn to your shack, Sherry," put in Old Bush, who had just begun to get an inkling of the nature of the rumpus.

Immediately the suggestion was carried out.

In his own room, Sherry quickly explained to Dutch and Old Bush the dis-

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coveries which had been made. Again he unfurled the skin-roll, and again he stretched it out upon a table.

"Lang's writing; I'll bet a dollar on it!" he declared vehemently. He opened the two folded papers which had lain in the packet next the skin-roll and examined them. "A story!" he ejaculated, as he glanced at the first. "And no name signed to it— By jinks! if here isn't a copy of the blooming poetry itself!

"'THE QUARTER-BACK
WITH THE
BALL ON HIS FOUR-YARD LINE.'

"Pooh! What's this?" And Sherry read an inscription at the bottom of the verses: "'To my best friend, in token of the appreciation of Aquinas!' His best friend!" he repeated with sarcasm. "But the handwriting's the same as that on the skin-roll, fellows! It's the same!"

The others nodded, and excitedly compared poem and roll.

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"Probably he made the roll from the —the first attempt to compose his alleged poetry!" pronounced Dutch.

"Right!" echoed Sherry; "and after he had finished it, he made a couple of copies, sent one to the *Spectator* and gave the other to Stub! It's a cinch! His 'best friend!' I'm on! The little runt sat next to Stub in exams too, and he dropped his skin-roll!"

"And didn't Stub take him a book called —er—Longfellow one day?" Pinkey put in inanely.

During this Old Bush Hale puzzled over the printed verses in the *Spectator,* over the copy of the verses which had been presented to Stub, and over the broken lines on the skin-roll.

Suddenly he banged the table. "You fellows are all guessing!" he cried. "You've got to prove your case if you want to clear old Stub Barrows!"

Sherry let out a yell. "Prove it! Haven't we proved it?"

"How?"

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"W—why—why—er—that's—er Lang's writing all right!"

"How do you know it is?" retorted Old Bush instantly.

The faces of the freshmen fell.

"Bush is right!" they breathed; "we don't know it."

Old Bush leaned forward; he trembled all over. "Don't you fellows see?" he whispered hoarsely: "Stub's saved! Saved, boys! The proofs are ours at last! For the man who wrote that poem has got his name signed right on it!"

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"STUB'S SAVED! SAVED, BOYS!"—*Page 328.*

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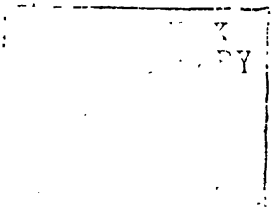

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CHAPTER XXIX

THE CLOUDS BREAK

"We mustn't let Stub know this, fellows," whispered Sherry, his face purple.

His three companions started for the door. It was half an hour after Old Bush Hale had made his momentous announcement.

"If you do tell him," warned Old Bush, "he'll kick over the traces sure!"

Dutch and Pinkey nodded assent.

"There'll be a meeting of our class at nine o'clock to-morrow morning for election of officers," said the former. "Stub'll never know from me about this business before then."

Old Bush Hale smiled at his freshmen friends. "I've done my part now, boys," he answered. "I'm through. Stub's fate is up to you fellows."

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"Leave it to us, Bush," they told him confidently.

The sophomore went down the stairs and over to the Saint George Tavern. Pinkey and Dutch followed soon after; Sherry remained in his room.

That night the tow-head ate alone in Commons. His brain was working at full speed. After supper he returned to his room and seated himself at the front window. The campus was alive with the celebration of the afternoon's victory; but he heeded it not. His thoughts were reveling in a defense of Stub Barrows which he intended to make on the morrow.

As he thus cogitated his eyes lighted upon Billy Hazen who was coming up the walk from Madison Street. "Bill! Oh, Bill!" he called from his window. "Come up here quick; will you, please?"

A moment later Billy was with him.

"Where's Stub?" Sherry whispered instantly.

"He's going to stay down town with his dad to-night," responded Billy gloomily.

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"Phew, Sherry; but I'm all in! I've been working, ever since I left, to get that chump of a Stub to make a clean breast of things to his father! But it's no use!"

Sherry let out a peal of laughter.

"You're a goat, Bill!" he cried, and then told him of what had been found and the plans decided upon for Stub's vindication.

"But, Sherry," began Billy, "how—"

"But, nothing!" interrupted the towhead. "It's all arranged: all you've got to do is to make sure that Stub is on hand for that class meeting to-morrow."

"He'll be there all right," answered Billy, his voice shaking with excitement. "He's worried sick now for fear the class won't raise the money for Lang."

Sherry pondered a moment. Then seriously:

"Don't you let him get onto what's going to happen, Bill! What a lucky thing it is that his dad showed up!"

As Sherry and Billy talked in 24 Gerald, Dutch Koppel and Pinkey Coatsworth in-

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terviewed Canary Evans at the Saint George Tavern.

"*I tell you,* boys, you're on the right track now!" exclaimed the big senior, as they finished their tale. "I'll see Velvet Jones right away quick. Things must be fixed at once!"

"Yes; but, Canary," pleaded Dutch, "don't let Velvet do anything, please, until we have our class meeting to-morrow. Barrows is such a dub, you know, that he might spoil the whole shooting match if he got on to what's doing before we prove things! You can't tell what he'd do!"

The big senior promised, and Dutch and Pinkey went home to Gerald.

The next morning at nine o'clock the campus echoed with cries of—"All out, nineteen twelve!" "All out! Class meeting in the Latin room!"

From all directions the freshmen came and hurried to Professor Hamilton's room. Sherry and Pinkey stood in the doorway.

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"Hustle up," bawled the former as the late ones straggled toward them. "Get a move on you, will you please, fellows?"

The late ones broke into a run.

At last the meeting began. Dutch Koppel, as usual, was in the chair.

Pinkey and Sherry sat on a front bench. Billy and Stub Barrows had seats on the back row in a corner. Father Deans, Browne, spelled with an e, and a few of the latter's loud-mouthed satellites, were clustered in the center of the room.

Dutch banged for order and arose.

"Gentlemen," said he, with much gravity, "we have reached the end of our first year in Washington College."

"Go on, Dutch," broke in a shrill voice, "what you talking about? This is the beginning of it!"

"That'll do for you," answered Dutch witheringly. "Gentlemen, we've fought, bled, and some of us have pretty nearly died, together, this year! But it's all over now, men of 1912! Our freshman year is behind us!"

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"Hoo, hoo, Dutch!" guyed the shrill voice again. "There's nothing behind you but your chair!"

"Dry up!" yelled the class. "Hit him, Mr. President!"

"I'll throw the gentleman out," announced Dutch with a grin, "if he again molests the dignity of the president of 1912! Fellows, joking aside, I wish to thank you for the support you have always given me when anything's been doing. My term as president is over. I've always tried to do my best for the class, and now—"

"Aay! Aay! Dutch! You're all right!" bellowed his classmates.

"And now," continued Dutch, above the din, "it's time to elect new officers!"

"Aay! Aay!" shouted 1912 once more.

Dutch sat down.

"Mr. President!" It was a voice in the center of the room.

"Mr. Browne," responded Dutch.

Browne, spelled with an e, was on his feet. "We've got business to attend to,

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Mr. President, which I think we should finish before we elect new officers!" The class moved restively. "This business of raising money for the Langs comes up to-day. At least, the president said it would. I think it ought to be settled before we change officers!"

"Right!" cried a number. "You bet!"

Dutch pounded the table and jumped from his chair.

"Fellows," he thundered eagerly, "Mr. Browne's manner seems to indicate that the president desires to dodge the issue! I'll have Mr. Browne know that the president is most delighted that this matter is brought up right now!"

"Yeow, Dutch!"

"Fellows! I've talked with a number of you on this subject. I think I'm safe in saying that the vast majority are in favor of diving in their socks, or wherever they keep their dough, and raising the money for Mr. Lang!"

"That's the eye!" yelled a voice.

"We're with you!"

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"That's the proper spirit, fellows, to say the least. But—" Dutch shouted the word; the class quieted. "But—since day before yesterday, something has happened which may make you change your minds!" Dutch paused.

A broad-shouldered man in the rear of the room leaned forward, his eyes wide with excitement.

"It's only fair, men," the speaker went on, "that you should know about it, before you vote to give up your coin! And I'll call on Mr. Sherrill to explain what I mean! Mr. Sherrill!"

Sherry sprang to the floor and faced his classmates. On every side, men whispered: "What do you think of this?"

"Well, I'll be hanged!"

"Gee whiz!"

"Mr. President and gentlemen," Sherry began sonorously, "I arise to prove to you the innocence of a man, whom since last fall, this class has considered guilty of cheating at exams!"

Nineteen twelve could scarcely believe

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that it heard correctly. The broad-shouldered man on the last bench shut his jaws, and the muscles twitched nervously after he had done so.

"I purposely use the word, 'prove,'" Sherry roared on, "because I have in my hands the proofs of Stub Barrows's innocence!" He waved some papers above his head. "Yes; innocence! But!—gentlemen, when I prove that Stub Barrows did not use a skin-roll in last fall's exams, I also prove that another man did! Another man in this class!"

The broad-shouldered fellow on the last bench leaped to his feet. "Mr. Pres—"

"Order!" roared Dutch.

"Mr. President!"

"You'll get put out," bellowed the chair, "if you don't keep quiet! Go on! Mr. Sherrill!"

Billy pulled Stub down to the bench.

Sherry proceeded as though there had been no interruption. "Gentlemen," he said solemnly, "the other man whom I'll prove guilty is the man you are asked to

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help to-day! This is the reason that our class president desires me to explain things now! Fellows, the man who cheated was in such a sick condition when he did it that he was not responsible for his acts! Yet just the same,"—Sherry's voice was tense and he shook his right fist before him—"yet just the same, the man who made that skin-roll for the test in Higher Algebra last fall, the man who cheated in those tests was not Stub Barrows but was Rafael Meshach Lang!" The tow-head rolled out his last words in resonant tones, and paused.

There was not a sound to be heard in the room.

"How do I know it was Lang?" he demanded after a moment. "Just this way: First, Brother Browne there—" Sherry faced the stocky freshman whose hair was shaved straight across the back of his neck—"Brother Browne there testified that he saw Stub Barrows *drop* the skin-roll, and saw him *pick* it up. Well —did he? Doubtless, he thought he did,

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but he admitted to Pinkey Coatsworth and me the other day that maybe he only saw him *pick it up!* Isn't that right, Browne?"

Browne flushed crimson. "Yes," he murmured. "That's right."

"I guess it is!" thundered Sherry. "Here's Stub Barrows's handwriting, boys." The speaker whipped out a letter of Stub's which Billy Hazen had furnished, and passed it to those in front of him. "Does it look like the writing on this skin-roll?" He held the skin-roll up to view. "And right here, I will say, that I had to steal this roll! Steal it, do you hear me? Steal it from the bureau drawer of Stub Barrows; for he'd never have owned up himself in forty years!"

Billy Hazen again jerked back to his seat a pale, perspiring fellow.

The class examined skin-roll and letter. "No, no," they murmured, "not the same!"

"I guess not!" pronounced Sherry defiantly. "Now look! Look on the back

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of that skin-roll, fellows! Look at those broken lines! Here, here's a copy of the *Spectator* that appeared right after the Yale game!" Sherry tossed the paper to the men in front of him. "Examine the alleged poetry in it that's signed by Aquinas, and called 'The Quarter-Back with the Ball on his Four-Yard Line!' That junk on the back of the skin-roll is part of it! Note that this copy, fellows, is presented to 'My Best Friend in token of the appreciation of Aquinas!'" Sherry held the presentation sheet up to view. "This ought to be enough, fellows! The handwriting of roll and poem is the same, and it is not Stub Barrows's! But Stub Barrows is assuredly Lang's best friend! And yet—" the tow-head raised his voice—"and yet," he thundered, "if it isn't enough proof for you, I'll show you that both poetry and skin-roll, *skin-roll,* fellows, are signed, not by the man whom you have made to suffer these long months, but by Rafael Meshach Lang himself! Read it, fellows!

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Read down; the first letter in each line, and see what it spells! Read it, I say! I'll do it for you!"

And Sherry read:

"**R**ip 'em, tear 'em, throw 'em back!
Men, we'll put 'em on the rack!
Each man on his toes! A double pass!
Say! A Fake! They've got some class
Hid in 'em! Sandy! Fine tackle that!
And the ball is ours! Where are they at?

"**C**ome! We'll buy their tickets home!
Hear 'em? That's a licked man's groan!
Line up! Four—nine—three! It's round your end!
Ah! We'll even tell you where to send
Nice tacklers. Think we can't hold your guards?
Great! Clay's punted fifty yards!"

"Jiminy Jinks!" cried Sherry, as he finished. "It's as clear as day! That poetry's an acrostic! The man who wrote it spelled his name in the verses which were given to Stub Barrows! He spelled it in the verses which appeared in the *Spectator!* He spelled it on the back

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of the skin-roll which was used in the Higher Algebra test and which Browne admits he only saw *picked up!*" Sherry paused; then shrieked wildly: "Fellows, the first letters in each line of those maudlin verses spell R. Meshach Lang!"

For a moment no one stirred; then, as one man, 1912 burst forth, "Barrows!" Every eye flashed upon the man in the back row.

Stub sat huddled in his corner, pale as a sheet, jaws set, eyes staring before him.

"Barrows!" shrieked 1912.

Stub made no move; it was as if he had not heard them.

The class arose and swept down upon him. Still he gave no sign.

Billy shook him. "Stub!" he whispered. "Stub!"

At this Stub turned slowly to his old chum. "Raf will starve this summer!" he muttered, "poor old Raf!" and fell forward, arms upon the bench in front of him, head buried in his arms.

"Men!" thundered a voice. It was

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Dutch Koppel. "Do we give Raf Lang the money that Stub Barrows has asked; or don't we?"

It was a mighty roar that answered him.

"We do!" the freshmen shouted.

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CHAPTER XXX

JUNIOR HOUR

THE news of the occurrences in the freshman meeting spread upon the campus like sunshine from breaking clouds, and just as quickly. Freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and even seniors discussed it from every conceivable angle.

About eleven o'clock Stub came out of Gerald and started down the walk toward Madison Street. Blank amazement, buzzing whispers and many a "Hello there, Stubby!" and "Good for you, Barrows," greeted him from all sides. Not a few halted him to wring his hand and pound him on the back. Billy, Sherry, and Dutch Koppel were with him; but in spite of the protection they afforded, it was difficult for him to make much progress.

At last Prexy's house was reached, and

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the way to the street cars was clear. At the cars Stub stopped.

"Don't you fellows come any further, please," he begged; "I'll be down at the hospital all day."

Billy Hazen laughed. "Well, you won't shake me, old boy," he declared. "I'm going to stick to you. You might take a balloon next and not come back at all!"

"That's right, Bill," echoed Sherry. "You stick to him." Sherry turned to Stub and seized his hand. "You're not going to get mad at what I did, are you, old boy?" he asked earnestly. "It was only what we all thought was for the best."

Stub gulped and gripped Sherry's hand the tighter. "How could I get mad, Sher," he answered. "I can never half pay you fellows for what you've gone through for me. But, boys, you don't know how much good this money is going to do Raf and his mother!"

His three companions nodded, and a few minutes later Stub passed from their

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view, down the street, swaying on the rear platform of the trolley.

All that afternoon and all the next day the college busied itself with speculations regarding the Junior Cup and with preparations for the Founders' Day Exercises. During this tense time the class of 1910 held several meetings. But it was impossible for any outsider to find out the business that they were transacting or the decisions, if any, which they had made. In consequence, the air was electrified with excitement and anticipations.

But, at last, the Great Day arrived. It was a beautiful day, too: bright and warm; while a gentle breeze from the Farmingham Hills early bestirred the leaves of the elms on the campus, and promised to keep cool the more or less corpulent alumni who would make the journey up Madison Street in the heat of a high noon sun.

But it is two o'clock. You, who have come to Washington for Founders' Day, have seated yourself on the grassy knoll

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at the base of old Bishop Darling's statue. You are facing Southam Towers; your elbows are on your knees and the red blood in your veins courses fast because of the scene which unfurls before you.

For directly in front of Southam Towers is a raised platform; and directly in front of the raised platform are four rows of chairs, set in a wide semicircle; and behind the semicircle are other chairs crowded together in straight rows.

There is no one on the raised platform as yet; there is no one in the four rows of the semicircle. But behind, in the straight rows, and even behind these, standing and moving about the green, is a veritable ocean of life and color. Indeed it undulates and waves much as you imagine the deepest seas might.

Yet to you on the knoll of the Bishop's statue it is soon apparent that this ocean is but bobbing parasols, gay in colors; ladies in fluttering dresses, white, pink, vari-colored; straw-hatted men, all old, some very old, who laugh and talk among

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themselves or gallantly bend before this parasol or that fluttering dress.

The men are the alumni, you surmise; fathers of undergraduates, many of them. You are sure of the identity of one at least: He is Mr. Barrows; for he passed you not long since with his arm across the shoulder of the big freshman catcher. The ladies are the sisters, and mothers of the fellows you've seen in the college, and, without much doubt there are many sweethearts among them, too. For these last you care but little.

Over to your right, near the low rail fence, at the end of Gerald, stands the college body, crowded together, though each class separate from the others, five hundred strong. The Governor's Guard Band is near them.

You wonder what's going to happen; but not for long; for the band strikes up "Glory to Old Washington," and moves toward Southam Towers. Instantly the college forms behind it, and the march to the semicircle of chairs begins. First

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come the seniors, awesome in cap and gown; then, the juniors, with their air which indicates that they realize fully the weight of their responsibilities; next are the sophomores; and behind them, the freshmen. These last two classes look confident, and show, beyond a doubt, that their life in Washington has ripened them with much experience.

The procession has reached the Towers. The band halts and plays " 'Neath the Elms of Our Old Washington." The classes take their seats in the semicircle; seniors in the first row; juniors in the second; sophomores in the third; and freshmen in the last. A big, blue-eyed man, in cap and gown, leaves his classmates and ascends the raised platform, where, with more dignity and ease of manner than you have ever seen in any one before, he seats himself in an armchair and faces the throng.

That red blood in the veins of You, who sit upon the knoll at the base of the Bishop's statue, sends you to your feet;

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and you hurry toward the crowd. Yes, you even run to get there; trusting that the men in the semicircle, whose backs are to you, will not see your hasty performance. You push through alumni, through crowds of fathers, mothers, sweethearts, until you stand close to the backs of the freshmen row.

Directly in front of you sits the broad-shouldered freshman catcher. A dark-eyed fellow, with clean-cut features, who is in a sophomore chair, has turned square around and is talking with the freshman. He talks earnestly and looks deep into the other's eyes. You notice that the men nearby draw their chairs away from the pair, as if it were preunderstood that the two should be left alone to their discussion. You wonder what the discussion is about. But you, too, draw away, regretfully, for your curiosity is unsatisfied. Yet the conversation is quickly recounted; it was this:

"Barrows," exclaimed the sophomore, "I've been dead wrong; and I'm sorry. I

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only found out a few days ago that you didn't squeal on me about that skeleton business in Grunty's Tyler's room. Gee, I'm sorry. Some mucker relative of Henry, the janitor, did it. He saw me on the walk that night with the skeleton in my arms.

"He came up to me on the street down town the other day and told me about it. Said he'd been helping Henry out temporarily. And then, he had the nerve to tell me that the reason he recognized me that night was because I'd played against Yale that afternoon! I don't know why he didn't recognize the other fellow, too!" The sophomore paused and drew a deep breath. "I—I haven't had nerve enough to tell you before," he continued, after a moment; "but I'm no dog, Barrows. You see I had told you about my swiping the skeleton, and so I thought you had peached. If you'll shake hands—I'll—I'll—" He thrust out his hand—"If you'll—"

Instantly Stub took his grip. "You

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bet I'll shake, Bally," he interrupted. "We'll—"

But Junior Hour is progressing.

The big man in cap and gown on the platform has arisen and is about to speak.

"That's Canary Evans, president of the senior class," whispers a young miss, hazel-eyed and pink-cheeked.

The crowd closely watches the senior class president; and so do you.

His address is begun!

"Ladies, gentlemen of the alumni, and fellow students," said he, "the Junior Hour Exercises at Washington have come to be the principal event of these Founders' Days when Cup classes are about to become seniors." Canary smiled and bowed to a giant with a wiry, black mustache who stood in the back of the crowd. "I beg Dr. Harmsworth's pardon," he added, laughingly. "I forgot that the faculty had their final meeting of the year this morning!"

The crowd laughed. The senior class president proceeded:

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"Ladies and gentlemen: Theoretically this Junior Hour Exercise, for which we are now assembled, is a college mass-meeting; called at the junior class's request, in order that they may present to the college certain business, the nature of which is unknown to any except themselves. Therefore, at this time, it is fitting that I do no more than bid you all a most earnest and cordial welcome." Canary paused and addressed himself directly to the men in the second row of the semicircle: "The privilege of this platform is hereby extended to the class of 1910," he said, and then sat down.

Immediately Velvet Jones, looking thinner and lighter-haired than ever, left his chair and walked slowly to the platform. Under his arm, just as in the fall before, he carried a red plush box. As he reached the platform he placed the box on a table near Canary Evans's chair.

The crowd watched him in silence.

He faced them, deliberately; settled on his right hip and held his right hand out

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before him, index finger stiff and extended.

The college applauded.

"Mr. President, the faculty, the alumni, and ladies and gentlemen," he began as soon as the applause had ended, "as Junior Cup Presenter of the class of 1910 I crave your indulgence for a few minutes. —The class of 1910 is about to embark upon the last leg of its journey in the beautiful haven of our beloved Alma Mater. And we come before you this morning to hand the Junior Cup down to another class!

"My friends, many things have occurred this year which have made it difficult for us to perform this duty. During the past two days we have deliberated long and earnestly. And during these deliberations many new lights have been shed upon the deeds accomplished this year by the two classes under us. It has been a strenuous year for them, and no one appreciates it more than does the speaker. But its very strenuousness has

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had its good results. It has shown us not only that certain things may be done here at Washington, but it has shown us, as well, a lot of good that actually has been done!"

Velvet paused and compressed his lips. A gentle breeze rustled in the elms. Suddenly his right arm shot up.

"Men of Washington," he cried, "this year the junior class has watched the introduction of an honor system into this college! We've watched it carefully, and studied it! And, now after much consideration, it is the junior class's desire that next year this whole college be self-governing; that next year the various classes elect representatives to a college senate similar to the one in vogue in a certain class this year! We want to see an honor system throughout the entire college!" Velvet's voice raised and he shook his fist toward his audience. "Gentlemen! We want this college to petition the faculty to permit such a thing! We want them to do it now!—Now!" he

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repeated. "And I'll give way this very minute to a discussion of such a proposition!"

He dropped his arm to his side and sat down in a chair near Canary Evans.

The college was aghast; alumni crowded forward; even the ladies ceased fanning.

A tall, red-headed man arose. "If the president will draft a motion to cover such a thing, I'll propose it!" he shouted. It was Sandy MacDonald.

"And I'll second it!" cried another. This was good old Windy Riggs, his ears flopping in the breeze.

Scarcely before the assemblage was able to realize it, Canary Evans had drafted the motion; had put it to a *viva voce* vote; and Washington College, for the first time in all her history, had declared herself for government by the honor of her own!

Men shouted and waved their arms. Before the din had subsided Velvet Jones was again on his feet, waiting to resume his speech.

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"Gentlemen!" thundered Canary Evans, "The Junior Cup!"

"Yes, yes!" echoed the college, and quieted down.

Velvet picked up the red plush box, and, opening it, drew forth the precious cup.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he gravely, "both of the under classes are splendid bodies of men! The class of 1910 is actually sorry that it cannot present this cup to both of them! But a choice has had to be made and we have made it! With all respect to the losing class, in our minds, there is no question as to which class has done the most for the college, which class has shown itself the manlier in athletics, the manlier in studies and the manlier in heart! Nor is there any question as to which man in the winning class should be designated as the Junior Cup's custodian!"

Velvet Jones hesitated momentarily, the while he held the three-handled silver cup high above his head. "Men of Washington, the class of 1910 awards the Junior

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Cup to the class of 1912 and designates as its noble custodian—Mr. Thomas Barrows!"

A roar followed which nearly shook the solid towers of Southam, and a mob of shrieking men fell upon a white-faced, staring freshman. Stub's vindication was complete.

It will be remembered that Jerry Raymond and Harry Vane, who with Bob Anderson, Billy Hazen, and the hero of this book comprised the "Five Chums," were the only ones left at Chatham Military School. To those interested in following the fortunes of these loyal friends, it may be said that we shall return to Chatham for the fourth volume of this series, and in "Winning His Army Blue" trace the vicissitudes of Harry Vane in aspiring to a second-lieutenancy in the regular army.

THE END

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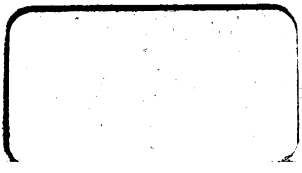
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